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TRB

from Washington
March 15, 1975

House of File Cards

Big Brother lives on Pennsylvania Avenue in the new, block size $126 million FBI building, which hasn't been dedicated yet but is one-third occupied.

Every capital needs a fortress at the center to symbolize police power; London has its Tower; France had its Bastille, now the US has its FBI building. It is symbolically bigger than the parent Justice Department across the way; it is the biggest building on Pennsylvania Avenue—a style of architecture that inevitably conjures up a wilderness fort, with projecting upper stories the better to shoot down on Indians or modern angry mobs. That's the "J. Edgar Hoover Building," home of Big Brother. You can get away from the Pentagon, which is across the Potomac, but this is right in the center of things. Every time I pass it in a cab it gives me the creeps.

Two congressional committees are investigating Big Brother now, one in the House, one in the Senate. In addition the Rockefeller committee at the White House is investigating Big Brother's brother, the CIA. They are twins. The law says the CIA can't operate domestically; it did just the same. The law doesn't specifically say the FBI can't use dirty tricks, hire provocateurs, spy on congressmen, slip out scandal on Martin Luther King, but it did just the same. It got its authority, apparently, from the "inherent power" of the presidency.

Almost every day now we get new details about Big Brother. The facts about the FBI that didn't come out during Watergate are coming out with the new Attorney General Edward H. Levi quietly talking to Congress. For example J. Edgar Hoover had a private file on ex-Rep. John J. Rooney, chairman of the committee that handled FBI appropriations; naturally FBI got everything it sought. Every congressman wondered if J. Edgar had a file on *him*. Three Presidents, Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon, rubbed their hands over the titillating gossip on fellow politicians that Hoover brought to them. There would be a personal call on a congressman from the director, who might say, "Sorry, but I thought you should know what we ran across about your daughter! But don't be concerned. It will never see the light. You can be absolutely confident of that."

Former FBI Assistant Director William Sullivan told *The Los Angeles Times* in May 1973 of Hoover, "That fellow was a master blackmailer. He had a file on everybody."

It is assumed that Rep. Ford, when he tried to impeach Justice Douglas, got his material from Hoover.

As to the CIA, the twin Big Brother, Director William E. Colby delivered a 50-page report to President Ford at Vail, Colorado late in December about its illegal activities at home. And now it appears there may be an "oral addendum" about political assassinations abroad, attempted or successful. The Rockefeller group is looking into that story, aired by CBS reporter Daniel Schorr. We may not get the details right away, but wait a bit, Washington is a sieve; everything comes out in time.

Lower your voice when you go by Big Brother's home; he may have something on *you*. The building has been underway four years. It was supposed to cost $60 million. The excavation started in April 1971 and for a long while was the biggest hole in town, three stories deep and a block wide and long. Slowly the monument rose to Hoover, the monastic figure with a passion for horse-racing, who stayed in office under eight Presidents and 16 Attorneys General. How the Founding Fathers would look at that building in wonder.

More than seven million sets of fingerprints flow yearly into the FBI from local and state police, and there are records of 81 million Americans, either here or around the country. A year ago former Sen. Sam Ervin said that there are over 100 "criminal history" information banks throughout the land.

Suppose your name was in a telephone conversation monitored under court order by the FBI (or without court order under former Attorney General Mitchell); you may well have a red "C" Card (cross-reference) in the index. The gray filing cabinets with six drawers bulge with three-by-five cards. There are now 58 million, with 1.3 million new ones coming in each year and 400,000 pulled out. There are 7500 cabinets, growing at the rate of 300 a year. The electronic retrieval system is a marvel. Think of that huge building as a warehouse, wholesaling information on Americans.

The United States is programmed for fear. For years J. Edgar Hoover was the most popular man in the country, an icon, because he alleviated that fear; he was protecting us from espionage, sabotage, subversive activity and things that go bump in the night. He was Top Cop, which meant he fought ordinary humdrum crime, but more important for his mass image he was also Minister of Internal Security, fighting Black Panthers and Communists and all wicked people. He was incorruptible, in his fashion. He was also the Compleat Bureaucrat.

Most modern nations separate the two police functions. The US should too, because they trip each other up. England has its ordinary Scotland Yard law enforcement, and it has its separate security service, MI-5. How do you investigate Watergate crimes when the FBI combines law enforcement and political intelligence? (Acting FBI head L. Patrick Gray III destroyed evidence at the request of the White House.)

A thing to remember is that an order to Big Brother to prevent disruption of internal security is a license to investigate political beliefs of leftists and radicals who may become embryonic spies and saboteurs. The theory is that innocent dupes will be infiltrated by militant agitators. J. Edgar Hoover accepted this. FBI Director Clarence Kelley seems to accept it, too. Hoover formalized it into deliberate harassment to intimidate and demoralize his domestic targets. It was done, naturally, to protect national security.

No country has had such warnings as the United States. We have seen Big Brother cowing Congress, Attorneys General, Presidents; we have seen him exercising unauthorized and illegal powers. For the moment there is reaction, we have ended warrantless wiretapping, the Subversive Activities Control Board, the House Un-American Activities Committee. We have thrown out Nixon. But when will the next wave of fear come? Meantime, are we really going to christen that structure the J. Edgar Hoover Building?

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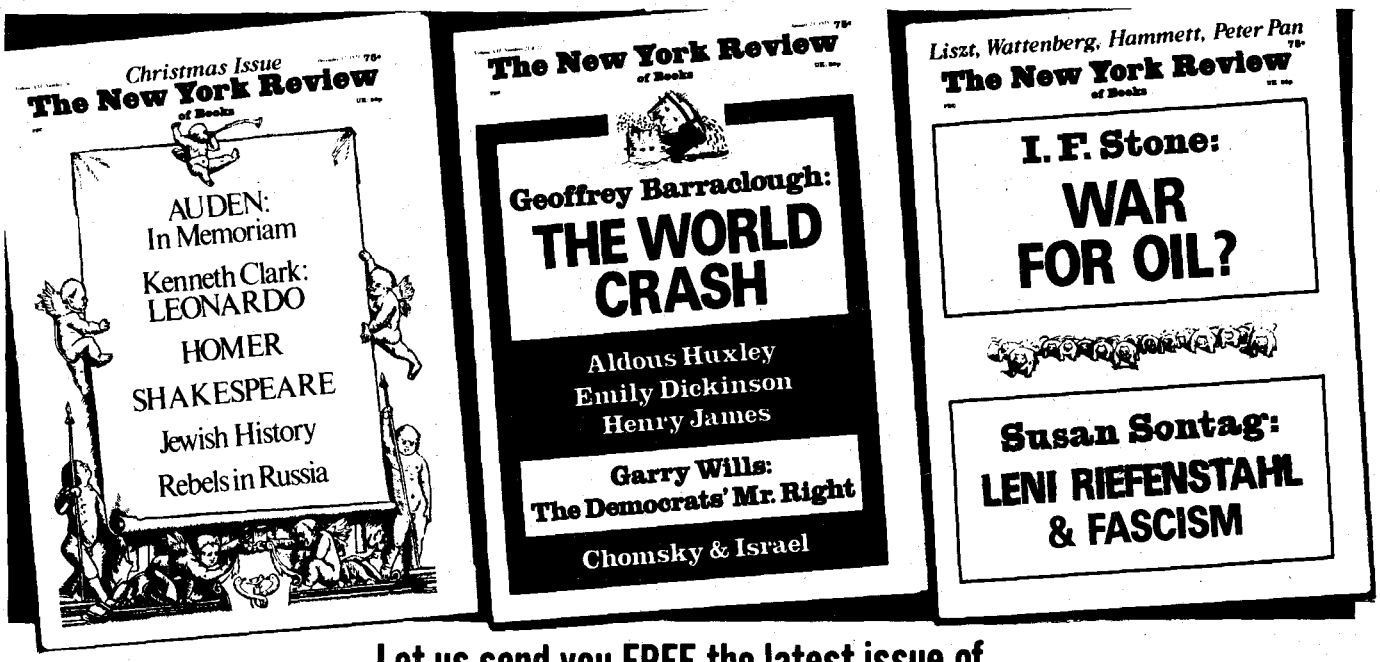

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Look at some of the articles and reviews enjoyed by over 100,000 readers in recent issues of *The New York Review* and you'll find the answers....

George Wallace

"Make way for the leading contender!" George Wallace announced recently. Garry Wills analyzes the dilemmas of the Democratic politicians and why they are now flocking around Wallace—in spite of all we hear about the "new" Democratic party. "American politics," he writes, "are the South's revenge for the Civil War."

Are we heading into a world economic crash likely to be even more severe than that of 1929? Distinguished historian Geoffrey Barraclough, whose *New York Review* article on The Coming Depression aroused so much discussion last year, sees the twin issues of food and energy as dangerously misunderstood because their history is ignored. Unlike other doomsayers, however, he suggests how the world's resources can support a population many times larger than now and outlines the changes needed if a crash is to be avoided.

The drawings are by noted artist David Levine, whose literary caricatures are a feature of The New York Review.

"Emily Dickinson was a reticent woman with a habit of passionate attachment to married men," writes Irwin Ehrenpreis. In his moving review of the new two volume *Life of Emily Dickinson*, he examines the paradox of this most sheltered and withdrawn of women whose poetry is marked "by constant acquaintance with the most profound experience."

Emily Dickinson

Sigmund Freud

Is anatomy destiny? Christopher Lasch reviews three new books on psychoanalysis and women and not only discusses the "revisionist" attacks on Freud, but tells us what Freud actually said about women, his psychoanalytic theory of womanhood, and, in doing so, recaptures for us the continuing power of his work.

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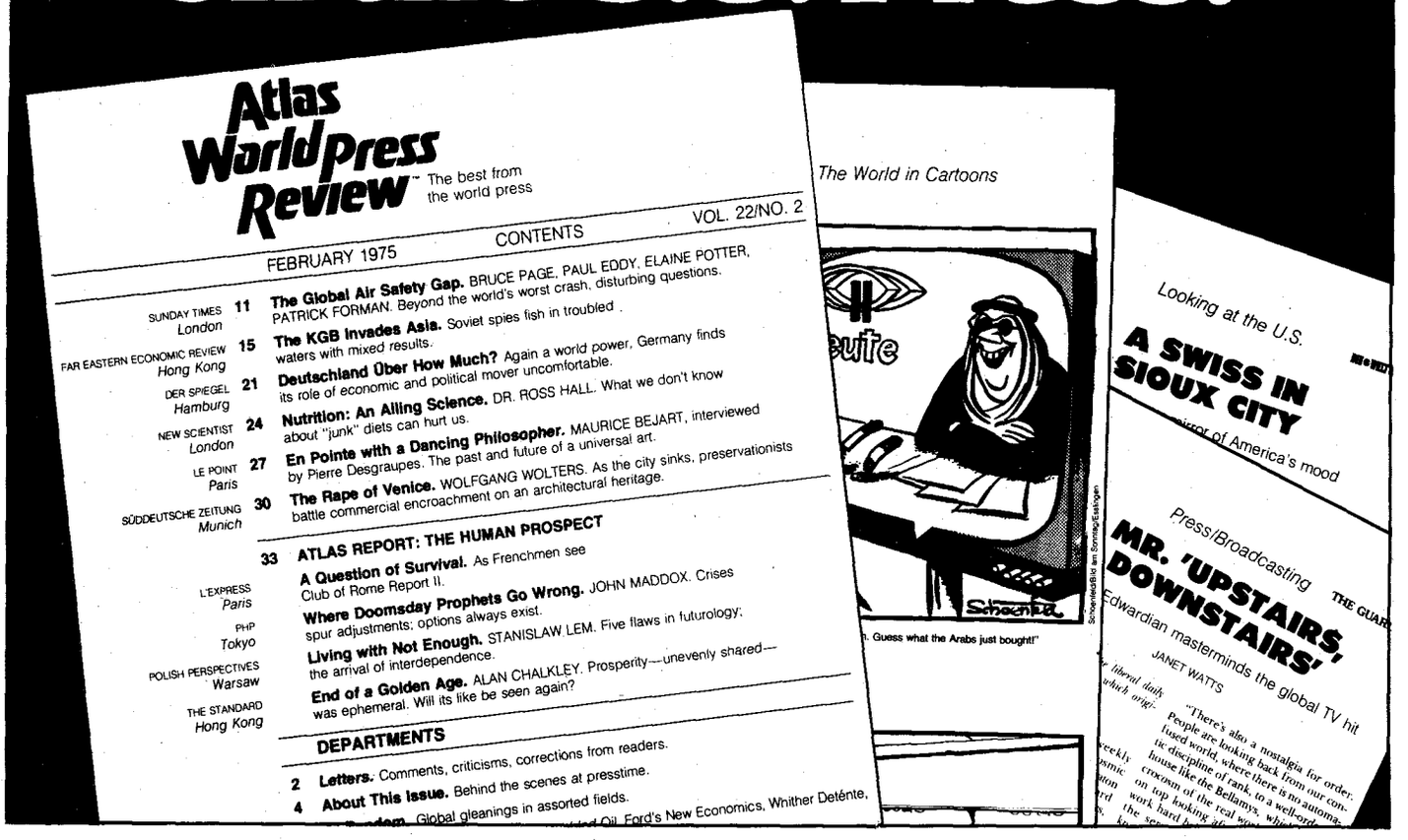
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FEBRUARY 1975
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Exporting Anti-Semitism

The Arab boycott of Israel and of firms dealing with Israel has been in force for nearly three decades, but until now it hasn't caused much of a stir. In the past the Arabs have been relatively ineffectual in marshaling big business and big money into their cause. They didn't have the leverage. Now they do, and this is why charges recently publicized by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith—that certain US companies and federal agencies were cooperating with Saudi Arabian anti-Semitic codes—hit with a heavy impact. Though less virulent than the discrimination being practiced against "Jewish" banks in London (see "Knuckling Under," *TNR*, March 8), the anti-Israel campaign in the United States is just as real and ominous in its implications for businesses that want to attract Arab capital or simply want to sell goods to the Arabs.

Two kinds of boycott are visible, one clearly illegal, and the other offensive to the broad objectives America has established in foreign affairs. Sen. Frank Church (D, Idaho), whose multinationals subcommittee has been watching the growth of the world oil cartel, held a brief inquiry into the boycott on February 25. He posed the problem thus: Will the Arabs succeed in imposing a "pattern of anti-Semitism on our own business life?" The most clearcut example of acquiescence to Arab pressure to date was provided by the army corps of engineers, the busy goodwill branch of the military that's built millions of dollars worth of airports, schools and broadcast studios in Saudi Arabia since the early 1950s. A spokesman for the corps, Col. William Durham, testifying at the Church inquiry, conceded that there were Jewish officers in the corps but that in more than 20 years of work not one of them had been stationed in Saudi Arabia. One question the inquiry left unresolved was whether or not the army corps actually helps the government of Saudi Arabia screen out engineering and construction firms considered to be "Jewish." Col. Durham said the army always drew up a list of proposed contractors and showed it to the Saudis before awarding contracts to the American bidders. But he insisted the firms were screened only for competence, and that the Saudis had never vetoed the army's choice. Or almost never—here the testimony was confused. The general counsel of the corps, Manning Seltzer, then spoke up: "We have operated in Morocco, Greenland, Iceland and other countries, and to the best of my recollection we were not

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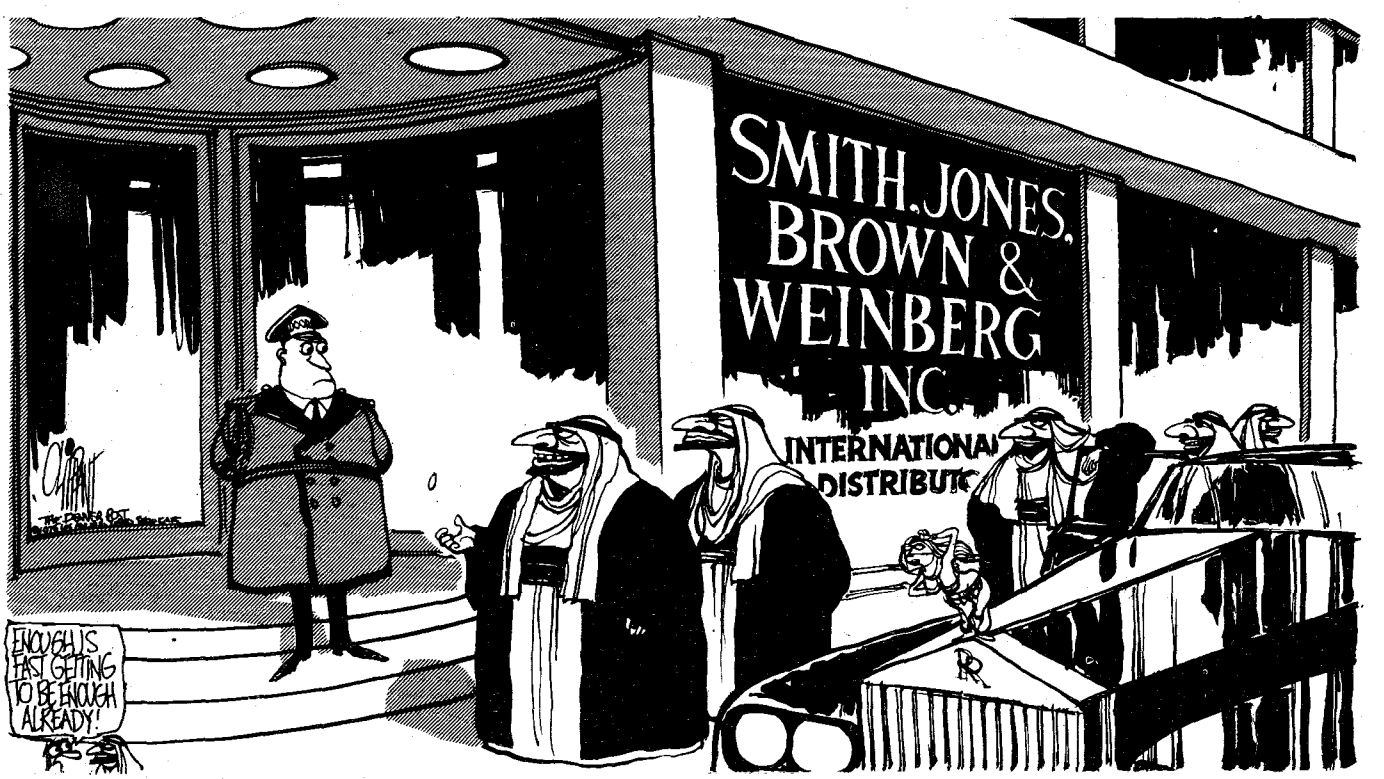
required by the terms of the agreements with those countries to provide a list of contractors for approval or rejection." A spokesman confirmed last week that Seltzer was correct.

Saudi Arabia has a policy of not admitting Jews within its borders, as Rep. Henry Waxman (D, Calif.) learned at first hand last month. Waxman, a freshman on the House Armed Services Committee, applied for a visa to enter Saudi Arabia on tour with other committee members to review military conditions in the Middle East. A member of Waxman's staff said the Saudi consulate in Washington, DC, assured him there would be no trouble obtaining a visa for the congressman on short notice; he need only fill out the forms. But, the staffer said, when the clerk at the consulate riffled through the stack of papers, he came upon the required certificate of religion signed by a local rabbi and immediately said the visa couldn't be granted. He refused to explain why. Only after the State Department through its ambassador in Riyadh made a special petition did Waxman get his visa. The congressman believes, and the administration hasn't contradicted him, that Jews simply do not cross Saudi Arabia's borders unless the United States makes a special effort to plead for them, and usually it doesn't.

Officials in the Arab boycott office argue that the discrimination is aimed at Zionists and not at Jews as such. Regardless of what this might mean in theory, it doesn't even work that way in practice. Rep. Waxman discovered how little the distinction means when, during his recent Mideast tour, he asked King Faisal why he had adopted an anti-Semitic visa policy. According to Waxman, the king replied: "Jews have no business in this country. They are friends of our enemy, and friends of our enemy are our enemies." In addition Faisal was quoted as saying "it's out of the question" to have a Jewish homeland in the Middle East: "Palestine is an Arab country where Jews, Christians and Moslems can live." On his return Waxman asked Secretary Kissinger to look into the State Department's handling of visa problems with Saudi Arabia, and to explain why the government complies with Faisal's prejudice except in rare cases such as his own.

Because Faisal feels strongly and because Jews rarely seek to visit Saudi Arabia, the United States had not made a public protest. On the contrary, it appears that as a "courtesy" the Departments of Defense and State have conscientiously avoided sending Jews to Saudi Arabia in any official capacity. Corporations doing business there, whether under government contract or not, apparently do the same. They would hardly flout the regulations, knowing that the United States itself screens out Jews from assignments in Faisal's country. The shabbiness of this policy was exposed during the Church committee hearing when Deputy Assistant Secretary of State Harold Saunders took the witness chair. Asked what should be done about the anti-Semitism, Saunders said we should attack it through diplomatic channels, discreetly negotiating each case as it arises. The government has chosen, he said, "to work away at the problem in a quiet way, and we think that that has more chance of making progress." Church wanted to know what progress this method had achieved so far. Saunders: "Individuals who are on US or at least State Department-Executive Branch busi-



"Step upstairs and tell Mr. Weinberg he's fired."

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ness go into Saudi Arabia and out." So if you're Secretary of State or a member of his press flock you'll have no trouble. An official in the Near Eastern division of State said that he knew of two Jews other than Kissinger who had been to Saudi Arabia to work on peace negotiations, but none who'd been assigned there permanently. He also said that in the last year the Arabs had announced they would apply their test of loyalty to Israel with more care, indicating that the boycott might be relaxed. Pushing heavily for reform, he felt, would only stiffen their resistance. This contrasts with US policy toward South Africa, where in one notable case a black served as an economic officer in the embassy, and where the US encourages corporations to pursue "enlightened" employment practices. The State Department has distributed a couple of papers to American corporations in South Africa urging them, among other things, to consult with black labor unions—which aren't recognized under South African law.

President Ford tried to repair some of the damage the day after Church's hearing by issuing a brief statement to the effect that the United States would not condone the sorts of anti-Jewish practices that had been publicized so widely. He said, "Such discrimination is totally contrary to the American tradition and repugnant to American principles. It has no place in the free practice of commerce as it has flourished in this country." He promised to investigate contracting and assignment policies of the State, Defense, Commerce and Treasury Departments. In this, of course, Ford is only enforcing the law. Ford did not touch on the more difficult question of Arab economic muscle and its use as a political weapon.

Many US corporations have been on the Arab boycott list for dealing with Israel in the past, but until very recently they have made their protests individually, quietly, through the proper channels. This went on at a time when the value of Arab trade was small in comparison to what Israel had to offer. Things have changed. Now Israel is the poor neighbor, and Arab wealth, accumulating at a fantastic rate, has become uniquely attractive because Western wealth is declining at the same time. The Arab boycott office has put about 1500 American corporations on the blacklist for dealing with Israel or showing themselves to be friends of Israel, thus excluding them from the new trade. Some very large firms are on the list, including the Ford Motor Company. One official in Ford's Washington, DC, office, Jim Golden, said he personally visited an expert in the State Department's Near East division more than 12 times in the last six years to talk specifically about the blacklist. The people at State, he said, were "sympathetic . . . but they feel they can best get at it by low profile dealing through diplomatic channels." The effect of his efforts had been "practically nil." A sign that companies are becoming more anxious about the blacklist is a letter written to Secretary Kissinger last July, signed by the heads of Ford, Coca-Cola, Monsanto, Motorola, RCA, Republic Steel, Whirlpool and CBS. Jim Golden said that no protest on this scale has been attempted before. "We earnestly hope," the executives wrote, "that you will use your best efforts to persuade the Arab nations that the new role of the United States in the Middle East and the new climate of diplomatic accommodation in the region would be well served by an end to these discriminatory commercial barriers."

The Arabs show no sign of relenting. Quite the contrary, they have discovered that the new economic leverage gives their blacklist an authority it never had before, so why should they relax it now? B'nai B'rith's Anti-Defamation League fears that the new Arab clout will not only make the blockade of Israel more potent, but disort American business practices. Companies hoping to sign contracts with sheiks may find it expedient to keep Jewish executives out of sight, or easier still, to avoid promoting Jews in the first place.

What can be done about these subtle effects of the blacklist? In a competitive market in which millions of dollars can be gained through acquiescence, principle will be hard to sustain. The government must set the pace. Sens. Jacob Javits and Harrison Williams have asked the Justice Department to watch more closely for violations of civil rights and antitrust laws as they apply to employment. They have also introduced a bill that would allow the President to forbid large investments by foreigners in American companies, along with an amendment that prevents the organizers of a boycott from investing money here. This is an important proposal for if the boycotters achieve muscle, not only on American corporations but *in* them, it will be much more difficult to resist the anti-Semitic practices that the Arabs are trying to impose on the world economy.

Skittish Network News

Running Scared

Although the anti-press sentiments of Nixon and Agnew have faded from view, the seeds of antagonism toward television news that that administration planted and fertilized are now beginning to bear strange fruit. During the last week in February, a move was made on Capitol Hill to permit television coverage of the important House Ways and Means Committee hearings on energy policy. But a few legislators, one from an oil state, were fearful that network evening news shows would use segments critical of the oil companies. Other committee members were concerned that they, personally, would not come across well. Some Republicans worried that the Democrats would

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dominate the sessions and thus the TV coverage.

So when the time came to work out arrangements with the three commercial networks and public broadcasting officials, Ways and Means members demanded that the initial coverage be gavel-to-gavel, that is with no excerpting permitted for nightly news shows until an entire session had first been carried in full. Rep. Bill Archer, a Republican from Texas, told his colleagues that such a procedure "would make the full proceedings available to the American people to see as an educational process but would contain a limitation to prevent things from being taken out of context." The networks, and the public broadcasters too, would not agree to such a requirement. Instead they sought to cover the Ways and Means hearings the way they do other committees—with film crews on hand recording what a network reporter or producer believes is newsworthy. Final decisions about what segments get on the air are made later, depending on the perceived importance of what has been said and on what other news is to be carried that night on the news show. Film crews at a hearing perform a second important function: whether or not their film makes the evening news, it remains available for use in later wrap-up stories or in specials.

At a brief meeting February 26 with network officials present, Ways and Means Chairman Al Ullman announced that televising the energy hearings presented too many complications and appointed a two-man subcommittee to look into the matter further. As a result network news viewers are being denied the give-and-take of the committee hearings and must settle instead for post-session interviews that are filmed outside the committee room. On March 3, for example, the committee heard from an administration panel made up of Treasury Secretary William Simon, Interior Secretary Rogers Morton, Energy Administrator Frank Zarb and Assistant Secretary of State Thomas Enders. NBC News that night on its network news show said nothing of what went on inside the committee room and used instead interviews with Simon and Ullman talking outside about tactics for settling differences between the White House and congressional approaches to the energy problems. What viewers missed were the answers given by Simon, Morton, Zarb and Enders to specific committee questions on oil import quotas, excise taxes for gas guzzling autos and the future price of international crude oil.

COMING: Richard N. Cooper on recognizing a Depression when you see one, and doing something about it

The Ways and Means situation is not unique. Other House committees are passing rules that will in effect bar television coverage. The House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, for example, declared recently as part of its rules that "coverage of committee hearings and meetings by television broadcast, radio broadcast or still photography is a *privilege* made available by the House. . . ." As a result, the Interior Committee went on to say, no TV coverage would be permitted that would "distort the objects and purposes of the hearing" or committee members, nor could the coverage "cast discredit or dishonor on the House, the committee or any member or bring the House, the committee or any member into disrepute." No reputable television newsman could agree to cover a committee meeting under those preconditions.

The long-term impact of such attempts to control television news coverage is difficult to assess. It is certain, however, that resolutions already introduced in the House and Senate to authorize televising of the floor debates could be saddled with provisos that make any network coverage improbable. Furthermore, should the rules prove successful in preventing embarrassment to congressmen they may be adopted by committees that today exert no controls at all on electronic journalism.

In covering open congressional committee sessions and meetings of the House and Senate, reporters working for newspapers or magazines operate under no specific Hill-passed directives. By establishing a set of harsh rules applying only to radio and television newsmen, Congress has limited their First Amendment rights. Ironically television news officials, who continually argue that they should be protected by the First Amendment as their print brothers are, have behaved miserably in the current debate. No television network, for example, went to Ways and Means Chairman Ullman to ask to cover his committee sessions that began in January. Instead they all initially turned that job over to the man who manages the congressional television news gallery. When Ways and Means voted to explore television coverage—in response to an article in *The New Republic*—none of the networks sought out Ullman. Instead they waited to be called to a meeting with the committee's chief counsel, John Martin, who then presented them with a resolution demanding gavel-to-gavel coverage. Faced with that ultimatum, no network spokesman tried to see Ullman or any other committee member; they just sat back and took it. When they had their brief moment before the committee on February 26, not one of the network officials asked to be heard. As far as I know only NBC, in a brief "Editor's Notebook" feature by John Chancellor, called attention to the action of the Ways and Means Committee barring network cameras. If one

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newspaper or all newspapers had been kept out of a public congressional committee session, there's no doubt stories would be carried and editorials written decrying this abuse of press freedom.

Television may have become the prime source of news for most Americans, but the governing of television licenses by the Federal Communications Commission, and the general threat of government interference, apparently makes television news officials hesitate to demand the access and rights granted others in the news business.

Walter Pincus

White House Watch

Pressing Congress

If the perceptions and judgments that prevailed at the White House in early March prove to be correct, and they probably will, the period between then and the turn of last November-December will be remembered as the time when it ceased to be possible for a reporter to write in fairness, as I did in this journal's issue of January 4 & 11, that "Gerald Ford is an awfully nice man who is not up to the presidency." In that period, with the formulation of his economic and energy programs and his handling of them in a doubting, fractious and heavily Democratic Congress, and his general handling of himself as a person and a President, Mr. Ford convinced an impressive variety of politicians, officials, journalists and concerned citizens that he is indeed "up to the presidency." Evidence that this is so is also evidence that Gerald Ford in this time at least began to surmount the enormous handicap inherent in the fact that he was the first Vice President and is the first President who entered the two offices by appointment and without a national constituency.

Senator Mike Mansfield of Montana, the Democratic majority leader, put in *The Congressional Record* of February 27, with unusually prominent display on the first page of the Senate section of that day's issue, a *Wall Street Journal* columnist's lyrical testament that "Maybe a lot of us are being too rough on Jerry Ford . . . Mr. Ford is not only a lot smarter than his critics suggest, but he's also an unusually honest and straightforward man, of considerable personal and professional integrity." Although Mr. Ford should "be judged primarily on policies and performance," the columnist continued, "it would be wrong and unfair if his more personal contributions to the American presidency were slighted or ignored." Two respected Washington correspondents, Lou Cannon of *The Washington Post* and Martin Schram of the Long Island, NY, *Newsday*, stayed in Florida after Mr. Ford went there for one of his rounds of regional seminars and press conferences (along, in that instance, with an afternoon's play in a crassly commercial golf tournament). After interviewing people who had met and heard the President, Cannon and Schram reported that they found heightened respect for him and moderately increased support for his programs. At his Florida press conference the President was asked in successive questions whether he'd recommend a change in the 25th Amendment to the Constitution, under which he was appointed to the vice presidency and succeeded to the presidency, and whether "you feel any handicap for not having won a presidential election?" They were touchy questions and they could have elicited a display of the nervousness that Mr. Ford in fact feels on both scores at times. Instead the questions induced a display of total confidence. The President's response to the first question was, "I guess I could say it worked pretty well this time," and to the second, "The answer is no." Image manufacture of the kind discussed in a previous report was involved here, but the effect was valid.

Before the President's economic and energy programs were announced in a televised speech on January 13 and his State of the Union speech to Congress on January 15, he and some of his associates, official and unofficial, went through two months of grueling preparation and debate. The resultant programs were so complicated, especially on the energy side, that they are poorly understood to this day. It is enough to say here that the energy proposal rested essentially on two devices: reducing the consumption of imported petroleum and other scarce fuels by increasing their prices rather than by arbitrary quota and allocation; and returning to the consuming public and industry in tax rebates, tax reductions and direct grants the many billions of dollars (30 to 46, depending on how it's figured) that the President's tariff and tax measures would annually suck out of the economy. A combination of rebates to individuals from tax payments on calendar 1974 incomes and of increased investment credits to business, including agriculture, would reinject about $16 billion into the ailing economy during 1975. This anti-recession proposal was simpler and easier to understand than the energy program, a fact that caused some uneasiness within the Ford councils and led to insistence by staff chief Donald Rumsfeld, among others, that the controversy between Congress and the administration over the energy proposals not be allowed to obscure (as it did for awhile) the President's concern that an immediate tax reduction and rebate of some sort be quickly enacted.

In the period of formulation before January 13-15, Mr. Ford was warned by some of his advisers (among them Bryce Harlow, a corporate and presidential lobbyist who's been in and out of Republican White Houses since the Eisenhower administration) that the future of his presidency, in this mini-term by succession and in a full elective term if he goes for it next year,

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would turn upon whether he let the new Congress, not only Democratic but infused with a dismaying number of feisty freshman representatives, run over him and his programs. If he allowed this to happen, Mr. Ford was told and no doubt was quite capable of concluding for himself, he'd be finished, a doormat, a sad-sack President until he was displaced on January 20, 1977.

He prepared himself against this eventuality in two ways. First, he and his people wrote into his State of the Union address and the televised speech that preceded it, and into formal legislative proposals, escape language designed to sanctify every likely and conceivable compromise that he might be called upon to make. Thus what was widely interpreted to be faltering and weakness when he excepted New England and Florida from the impact of higher imported fuel costs, and farmers from higher costs of fertilizers derived from petroleum, had actually been foreseen and provided in the fine print of his proposals. Second and more importantly, he set out in the initial speeches, in every subsequent public statement on the subject, and in the daily pronouncements of his spokesmen, to prod and goad congressional Democrats with the assertion, first and accurately, that he had a program and they didn't, and when they finally began to come up with bits and pieces of alternative programs, that he still had the only comprehensive and coherent one. He, as a 25-year veteran of the House, must have known that in getting a tax relief bill (not his, but a variant that was acceptably close to his proposal) through the House committee stage and bringing Senate and House Democrats close to agreement on an energy alternative, the legislators were acting with better than average speed. Yet, as late as February 26 in Florida, he moaned that "I am really perplexed" by the failure to produce a finished tax bill and to convene Senate and House committee hearings on energy proposals. It was all calculated. It was marred, at the White House end, by a few bobbles such as baffling but relatively minor differences between Press Secretary Ron Nessen's and the President's evaluations of a House Ways and Means Committee energy proposal as "a basis for compromise." On the whole, however, it was a skillful performance. In a burst of smartly figured compromise on March 4, the President vetoed a House-Senate bill that would have deferred for 90 days his authority to impose additional tariffs on imported oil and postponed two stages of the previously ordered increase for 60 days.

Whatever the consequences, and they are in doubt at this writing, two elements of the Ford performance and its impact should be kept in mind. First, his strictures upon Congress were expressed civilly and within bounds that should prevent lasting scars. Seventy of 75 first-term House Democrats breakfasted with the President at the White House on March 4 and emerged as if bewitched, praising his courtesy and his asserted wish to cooperate with them rather than fight them. Second, the Democrats as a group were going beyond what the President wanted to do in the way of tax reduction and federal spending for economic stimulation. But, in the energy area where lasting impact upon the economy and the society is likely to be had, they in early March were inclining toward rather than away from his fundamental policy of minimizing arbitrary federal controls and relying instead upon market and price mechanisms to get and keep energy consumption within practicable bounds. The President and his programs appeared to be in better shape than many Washington observers, this writer included, thought a month ago that they could be.

John Osborne

Our Mercenary Air Force in Cambodia

Trail of Deception

by Tad Szulc

US involvement in Cambodia began with a deception in 1969, and it appears to be ending now, six years later, in deception. Looking back, in fact, we've never been told much truth about Cambodia—neither by Presidents Nixon and Ford nor by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger.

The final deception is the extraordinary manner and circumstances in which a "civilian contractor" with strong ties to the Central Intelligence Agency was set up in business by the Pentagon to fly an arms and fuel

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airlift from a US air base in Thailand to Cambodia in violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of the law banning American military operations in Indochina. It is a transparent deception, but it has worked.

As we now know the original Cambodian deceptions were the secret B-52 bombings of the Khmer kingdom, starting in March 1969, and the simultaneous clandestine ground penetrations into Cambodia by US military intelligence teams. That was "Operation MENU," so secret that the air force used a double reporting system to cover up the missions.

Then there was Nixon's statement, as he announced the US "incursion" into Cambodia, that we had never before violated Cambodian neutrality. And Kissinger's assertion, when the Vietnam peace agreement was being signed in 1972, that a truce in Cambodia was also in the offing (he now thinks he was misled by Hanoi). And the deliberate obfuscation, still in effect, of our actual "commitment" to defend the Lon Nol regime.

If a commitment was made, it must have been a secret one, in which case Kissinger owes Congress and the public an explanation. If, on the other hand, there was no secret commitment, then the Ford-Kissinger rhetoric about US credibility and living up to our obligations to an "ally" simply doesn't wash. "Commitment" and "credibility" are the main justifications for the urgent request to Congress for the $222 million in additional military funds for Cambodia for the balance of this fiscal year.

Here are the administration's deceptions for 1975:

- The US has a *moral* commitment to try to save the Pnompenh regime. This sidesteps the issue of a *real* commitment, if one exists. The same general approach applies to US commitments to South Vietnam (for which Mr. Ford wants an extra $300 million this fiscal year) although the General Accounting Office, the congressional watchdog body, said flatly in a recent classified report that the US has "no obligation" to replace equipment lost by Saigon in post-truce fighting.
- As far back as last spring, the administration secretly set in motion plans to have a so-called civilian contractor fly military equipment to Cambodia aboard borrowed C-130 air force transports to get around the prohibition in the Foreign Assistance Act of "military or para-military operations by the US in or over Vietnam, Laos or Cambodia." Late last September, when the missions were launched, the Pentagon released information about the "civilian contractor" flights. It failed, however, to mention that the actual contract for the operation was yet to be formally approved by the air force (it was approved January 28, 1975) and that the civilian contractor had had close ties with the CIA's paramilitary activities in Indochina.
- The argument, most recently advanced by the administration, that even if President Lon Nol (or his successors) wanted to negotiate with the Khmer Rouge rebels, he wouldn't know with whom to talk or to whom to surrender. This, too, is a deception because the US is perfectly aware that there exists a clearly identifiable rebel leadership under Khieu Samphan, a former member of the Cambodian National Assembly (until 1967) and now the commander-in-chief and "defense minister" of the Khmer Rouge. The rebels may no longer see a point in negotiating (though they might have done so as late as 1972, and thousands of Cambodian lives might then have been saved), but it may be helpful to recognize that there is a Khmer Rouge leadership. Samphan is supported by Hanoi and pays only lip-service to Cambodia's exiled Prince Norodom Sihanouk in Peking.

Of all the current deceptions, the most blatant one involves the "civilian contractor" who has been flying the Cambodian airlift at an exorbitant cost to the US taxpayer and, apparently, at a handsome profit to himself. Few details of this operation have been disclosed, but they are spelled out in the original contract between the air force and the civilian contractor and in other documents that I have.

The original contract with Birdair Company, providing for $1.76 million to fly "Airlift Support for Cambodia" between September 1, 1974 and June 30, 1975, was signed in Bangkok, Thailand, on July 11, 1974, by US Air Force Master Sergeant Warren H. Shouldis, on behalf of the Pacific Air Force Procurement Center in Thailand, and William H. Bird, president of Birdair, a subsidiary of Bird and Sons, Inc. This is an Oakland, California-based company, that since 1959 has been engaged in the construction of short airstrips in Laos, reportedly in connection with the CIA's build-up of the "secret army" of Meo tribesmen, as well as in flying support missions for the agency.

Birdair, consisting of 22 aircraft, was sold in 1965 to Continental Air Services, a wholly owned subsidiary of Continental Air Lines, which during the Vietnam war had Defense Department and CIA contracts. Birdair's general manager at the time was Robert E. Rousselot, a former employee of Civilian Air Transport (CAT), the Taiwan-based airline owned outright by the CIA. William Bird himself had been CAT's Bangkok representative in the early 1950s.

In 1968 Bird revived Birdair and quickly obtained a contract with the Agency for International Development (AID) to fly helicopter resupply missions in Laos. He lost one of his six helicopters there. AID was often used as a cover by the CIA in Laos. So much for Birdair's background, though it should be added that, according to a Pentagon spokesman, the company was the only one acceptable to both Thai and Cambodian authorities when Kissinger and the Defense Department conceived the idea, early in 1974, to hire a "civilian contractor" to "demilitarize" the arms airlift to Cambodia.

The reason for this disguise, Pentagon officials say, is that some members of Congress were beginning to

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question the legality of the Cambodia airlift then flown by the air force. Besides, the administration worried that American soldiers might be killed. Hence the Birdair deception ploy. Because of the urgency in the cover-up, letters of intent were exchanged between the Air Force Procurement Center in Bangkok and Bird in May and June 1974, and, to avoid wasting time, the "definitized" contract was signed by the master sergeant, holding a procurement warrant, rather than by a commissioned officer. This, Pentagon officials say, is most unusual in a million-dollar contract though it's not necessarily illegal. "It was sloppy, hurry-up procedure," an official told me.

The contract is insistent upon the protection of the cover-up, providing that "all employees, servants and officers of the contractor or other persons or organizations employed by the contractor in performance of work or services rendered under the contract shall at all times be identified as employees, servants, officers, or agents of the contractor and shall not be considered as employees, servants, officers or agents of the US Government." Then there is another precaution: "The contractor shall not make any news releases pertaining to the services performed under this contract without prior approval of the Contracting Officer."

All this, of course, is designed to preserve the impression that Birdair's C-130 crews are civilians rather than US air force personnel. Pentagon officials have said that the pilots, co-pilots, flight navigators and flight engineers, and loadmasters were recruited by Birdair from the air force reserve. And an interesting clause in the contract provides that refresher physiological training for the crews "will be provided by the US Government at no cost to the contractor." This, air force officers say, is not a usual procedure for civilians. The contract also stipulates that the C-130s must carry Thai "secondary loadmasters," obviously Thai military personnel.

Birdair's contractual obligation is to fly airlift and airdrop missions with its crews. Planes may land only at Pnompenh's Pochentong Airport, but airdrop zones are designated in daily flight operations schedule orders by the commander, Thai Airlift Control Center, at U Tapao air base. The fact that these "frag" orders are issued by US officers—Birdair is obviously in no position to determine the missions—strongly suggests direct US involvement in the Cambodian war. Arms and ammunition are dropped by the C-130s over combat zones.

Birdair is richly paid for its services when one considers that its only overhead is the crews' salaries, accommodations and transportation. The US air force provides, at no charge, the C-130s, spare parts, fuel and maintenance. Besides, according to the contract, "the contractor shall not be liable for any loss, damage, or destruction of aircraft."

For its services Birdair receives $450 per flight hour under a schedule that provides for certain "minimum flight hours." If, for weather or operational reasons, Birdair is unable to fly the scheduled number of missions, "the difference between the actual hours flown and the established minimum hours will be invoiced . . . at the fixed rate of $381 per unflown hour." If the minimum flight hours are exceeded, "the difference between the minimum established flight hours and actual hours flown will be invoiced . . . at the fixed rate of $190 per hour."

"This is a sweetheart deal for Birdair," a Pentagon procurement specialist who studied the contract told me. Since it takes two hours to fly the round-trip between U Tapao and Pnompenh, Birdair gets about $900 for each completed mission. Although Birdair's rates are considerably less than the cost-per-mile for chartering a Boeing 707 cargo plane in the US—a New York charter company charges the equivalent of $1250 per hour—the comparison is meaningless because a commercial operator provides his own aircraft, fuel and maintenance.

According to the Pentagon the maintenance and servicing cost of the five C-130s under the original contract was $1.26 million, borne by the air force, in addition to the $1.76 million paid Birdair. Pay to air force maintenance personnel was $677,160. The Defense Department says all the airlift costs come under the ceiling of the military aid appropriation for Cambodia.

The first Birdair mission was flown last September 26, but, as it turns out, only on October 7—two weeks later—was the air force able to fully phase out its own crews from the Cambodian airlift. One of the peculiarities of the original Birdair contract is that although the airlift has been in operation since late September, it was approved officially only on January 28, 1975. That's the date on which Colonel R. B. Lovingfoss, director of procurement at U Tapao, signed the contract. Nobody seems to know why it took so long and whether the air force was acting legally in paying Birdair prior to the approval date.

In the first week of February, the original contract was expanded by one million dollars as seven C-130s were added to the airlift for what the Pentagon considered the critical period in Cambodia. Early in March Birdair was flying 30 daily missions using 12 C-130s. The extra cost to the air force was $900,000. By mid-February, before two *bona fide* civilian charter companies were added to the operation at a cost of $1.2 million, the Birdair airlift cost the US taxpayer $5.59 million. This total, of course, does not include the cost of the equipment and fuel delivered to the Cambodians.

How long this immensely expensive airlift can continue obviously depends on whether Congress appropriates the additional money for Cambodia this year—and whether there is a regime left in Pnompenh to defend. But the Birdair operation will be remembered as the final Cambodian deception.

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Food, Peace and Development

At Stake for Egypt

by Stanley Karnow

Cairo

An American scholar resident here asked me the other day if I might, before my departure, leave him any stationery I could spare because, he explained, paper is scarce. Matches also are so rare, he told me, that he lights his cigarettes from the pilot flame of the hot water heater in his apartment, and he has trouble finding such items as soap. But he lives like a pharaoh compared to the average Egyptian, who subsists on a diet of bread, tea and sugar, staples whose prices are kept down through government subsidies, and who cannot afford a pair of shoes, which would cost him half his monthly wage. These shortages are symptomatic of the economic crisis that is currently haunting Egypt, and that may account, in part at least, for the fact that President Anwar Sadat is receptive at this stage to some kind of accommodation with Israel. But Sadat cannot concede completely to Israeli demands without annoying the Egyptian military establishment, which believes that its performance in the 1973 conflict deserves to be rewarded with recovered territory in the Sinai peninsula. Nor can he irritate the rich Arab states like Saudi Arabia and Algeria, which want to see gains for the money they spent to provide him with weapons. Thus Sadat is relying on Secretary of State Kissinger to implement a formula that will retrieve Egypt's lost land in the Sinai at a minimal cost to Egyptian pride.

The formula, which I outlined in these pages last week, essentially calls for Israel to withdraw from the Gidi and Mitla passes and give up the Abu Rhodeis oil field in exchange for demilitarization of the area and an Egyptian pledge, addressed to the US, not to trigger hostilities as long as negotiations continue "in good faith." Egyptian officials I have seen are optimistic that such a deal can be worked out as Kissinger shuttles around the region during the week or so ahead, but, at the same time, they are visibly worried by the possibility of failure. One of them, perhaps depicting the worst in order to impress me with the gravity of the situation, warns that a diplomatic setback would lead to a coup d'état against Sadat, and, as he puts it, "chaos." Another forecasts a return to a "war of attrition" in the event that the Kissinger effort collapses, and such a war, he predicts, would inevitably escalate in a bigger conflagration. But whatever happens, the general feeling here now is that a decisive moment is in the making.

The extent to which the Egyptians are anxious to reach a settlement, however conditional it may be, appears to me to be reflected in their tendency to minimize the importance of synchronized accords between their Syrian and Palestinian allies and the Israelis. This does not mean that Egypt is aiming at a "separate peace," and it would be illusory for Israel to presume that it could isolate Sadat from the other Arabs over the long term. But the Egyptians are now focused almost exclusively on their own negotiating process, and, as far as I can judge, they have no intention of allowing it to be subverted by either Syria or the Palestine Liberation Organization, both of which are struggling against Israel on other fronts. When I raised the question of Egypt's dedication to Syria's claim to the Golan Heights, for example, one senior official here seemed to brush aside the immediacy of the issue by saying that it could be taken up at the Geneva conference, which, under the Kissinger formula, would be resumed following the Sinai agreement between Egypt and Israel. As for the Palestinian question, the Egyptians have been making it brutally plain that they are not going to permit the PLO to interfere with their moves toward a compromise with Israel. A few weeks ago Foreign Minister Ismail Fahmy said that the PLO could be represented at the Geneva forum "at an appropriate time," which clearly signified that Egypt wants to delay discussion of the Palestinian problem. The PLO replied by alleging that Sadat's fidelity to Kissinger's step-by-step approach threatened "to shatter Arab unity of action," and that, along with other criticism of Egypt, ignited a campaign of denunciations of the Palestinian activists in the Cairo press, which mirrors official attitudes. The English-language *Egyptian Gazette*, for instance, assailed the PLO's "hysterics," declaring that Egypt "does not accept dictation from anybody" and is, moreover, losing patience with the "calumnies and irresponsible behavior" of "certain so-called 'Arab revolutionaries.'" The dispute hit a climax late last month, when, following a particularly virulent diatribe against him, Sadat cancelled a meeting with a high-level PLO delegation scheduled to visit Cairo, and the Palestinian movement reacted by recalling its permanent representatives here. It strikes me, therefore, that the Egyptians are not entirely wedded to the PLO even though they sanctified its legitimacy at the Arab summit in Rabat last September. One of Sadat's close aides went so far as to suggest during a chat the other day that Palestinian "self-determination" might ultimately be satisfied

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within the framework of King Hussein's dormant plan for a United Arab Kingdom spanning the east and west banks of the Jordan River. That idea is anathema to the PLO, which hates Hussein for his massacre of the Palestinian guerrillas in 1970. It is not dismissed here in Cairo, however, even though it was spurned by Egypt and the other Arab states as well as Israel when Hussein originally conceived it three years ago.

As I have indicated, Egypt's economic difficulties are surely a factor contributing to Sadat's desire to avert another war, but, from everything I gather, his enormous military expenditures are not really at the root of the problem. In other words Egypt would be suffering tremendous economic hardships even if it had been at peace for the last three decades, and the reason is fundamentally Malthusian. Its population, now nearly 40 million, has grown about sixfold within the past century while its cultivated area has not quite doubled over the same period. As a consequence the pressure of people on the land has increased hugely, and the country could not survive without importing vast quantities of wheat and other grains from the US and Australia. Paying for these imports is a dilemma, though, because Egypt cannot earn enough hard currency through exports. The result is a whopping trade deficit—it is expected to reach some two billion dollars this year—that the government finances with short-term loans. Sadat could probably ease this financial burden if he ceased to subsidize the price of bread, which is sold on the local market at one-fifth its actual cost. But an inflationary measure of that sort would provoke a clamor for higher wages, and the Egyptian treasury, which earmarks one-third of its budget for defense, simply lacks the funds to meet that demand. The demonstrations that broke out in Cairo in early January, while undoubtedly organized by leftist elements, signaled to officials that there is a layer of unrest here that is potentially explosive even though, at the moment, Egyptians appear on the surface to accept their dismal lot with surprising cheerfulness. Observing the poverty of their lives, however, it is easy to understand their elation at having managed to cross the Suez Canal at the outbreak of the war in 1973. For that achievement symbolized to them at the time, as it still does, that they can overcome Israel's technological superiority. Sadat's associates stress that he is the first Arab leader who is not nagged by an inferiority complex vis-à-vis the Israelis and can, accordingly, negotiate with them on a basis of equality. By the same reasoning, however, it could be argued that the rising ability of Egyptians to handle sophisticated weapons has reinforced Sadat's confidence that he might defeat Israel in another conflict.

Sadat is also striving to pursue his *Infitah*, or "Open Door," policy, through which he hopes to improve the Egyptian economy by liberalization measures. It is not at all clear how free enterprise is going to coexist alongside the socialist structure of nationalized industry created by his predecessor, Gamal Abdel Nasser, but one of Sadat's objectives in this program is to attract foreign investment, and, to a degree, it is linked to his belief that he can reach a settlement with Israel. For his plan is to develop a "free zone" along the Suez Canal in which foreign firms can build oil refineries, fertilizer plants, cement factories and other industrial enterprises, and to make this work, his aides say, Egypt must avoid war. Indeed, they insist, the construction now being undertaken in the Suez Canal region ought to be viewed by Israel as a stronger demonstration of Egypt's desire for peace than all the cease-fire pledges that the Israelis want Sadat to sign. According to Osman Ahmed Osman, the minister of reconstruction, the Suez Canal development scheme is slated to cost $10 billion over the next five years, by which time the zone should be able to reabsorb the million people who fled from the region beginning with the 1967 war. About one-third of the money is being put up by Iran, Saudi Arabia and the other oil-producing states of the Persian Gulf, but very little of their cash has actually started to flow into Egypt. The Iranians are especially wary about handing out funds before they examine feasibility studies, and, in any case, they will only finance specific projects. An American company, Louis Berger of East Orange, NJ, is involved along with two British firms in drafting plans to rebuild the city of Suez, at the southern end of the canal. Osman told me that he assumed Berger to be Jewish, but, he added, "It doesn't make any difference as long as the job gets done."

The drive from Cairo to the Suez Canal is about 140 miles, and as I went there the other day, I noticed that the seemingly endless stretch of desert camouflages underground fortifications, the only signs of which are air vents poking through the sand. The Israelis skirted the city of Suez and nearby Port Tawfik when they crossed the canal during their counterattack in 1973, but the two places are in ruins from the war of attrition that went on after 1967. These were largely European-style cities that date back to the era when the French managed the Suez Canal before its nationalization by Nasser in 1956, and a bit of Parisian influence is still evident in sidewalk cafés and tree-lined avenues. The major endeavor in the town of Suez at present is Faisal City, named for its Saudi Arabian benefactor, which consists of some 3000 apartments constructed from local stone and cement produced at a nearby plant. The blueprints have been drawn up for another project of 10,000 apartments to be completed by the end of this year. The engineer who guided me around explained that Suez had been left in rubble until recently because Egypt anticipated another war with Israel, but now, he said, "we are more hopeful." The Egyptians also plan eventually to spend five billion dollars in populating and developing the Sinai during the next decade, but work on that region is awaiting a settlement with the Israelis.

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I had anticipated a look at the Egyptian side of the Sinai, but when I arrived at the Bailey bridge that traverses the canal, a reconnaissance aircraft, presumably Israeli, was streaking across the sky and my jittery hosts turned me back with the explanation that they could not let me take any chances. So, for all their talk of imminent peace, they are still nervous.

If Sadat depends on Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Abu Dhabi and the other oil producing Arabs for development funds, he also relies on them to pay for his weapons. Houari Boumediene, the president of Algeria, reportedly gave the Russians about $100 million for Egyptian arms when he visited Moscow during 1973, and, I gather, King Faisal's special intermediary, Kamal Adhman, is handling the direct payment of $1.3 billion to France for the aircraft, missiles and other equipment that Sadat ordered during his recent visit to Paris. Faisal's generosity toward Sadat stems from several motives. He is pleased by Sadat's moderation, especially after the trouble he had with Nasser, whose support for the Yemen rebellion was directed against Saudi Arabia. He was also happy when, in 1973, Sadat broke with the radical Libyan leader Muamma Qaddafi, who had been working toward a merger with Egypt. He regards it as his duty to back Sadat in the crusade against Israel, and, perhaps most significantly, he is seeking to reduce Soviet sway over Egypt, since, in his list of priorities, communism is Islam's foremost enemy. Sadat, on the other hand, is delighted to have Faisal in his camp as a way of counterbalancing both the US and the Soviet Union as well as the other Arab states. For in contrast to Nasser, who stuck to a rigid line, Sadat is a master of political juggling who can simultaneously woo Faisal, court Qaddafi, extoll the French, continue to do business with Moscow and lavish praise on "my friend Henry." Or as an American diplomatic observer here notes, "Sadat doesn't want to get locked in by anybody, so by keeping as many actors in the arena he broadens his room for maneuver."

Sadat's desire for flexibility stems in large measure from the Egyptian experience with the Soviet Union, which began to penetrate Egypt in the mid-1950s at Nasser's invitation after the US had rejected his requests for military aid. In those days the Russians apparently had two goals in Egypt. On the one hand they seemed to believe that they could contribute to the transformation of Egypt into a socialist state, and, with that in mind, they dissolved the Egyptian Communist party and encouraged its members to cooperate with the Arab Socialist Union, the party established by Nasser. At the same time, in an attempt to redress Israel's overwhelming superiority in the Middle East, they built up the Egyptian armed forces in the expectation that they could turn it into a first-rate fighting unit. This dual approach ran into problems however. The ideologues in the Kremlin evidently felt that the Soviet military advisers were insufficiently interested in promoting socialism, while the military types must have thought that the ideologues were alienating the nationalistic Egyptian officer corps by trying to convert them to communism. The two groups probably fought it out in Moscow, and the military faction won. Efforts to steer Egypt toward socialism were dropped, and the Kremlin concentrated on strengthening the Egyptians so that they were powerful enough to challenge Israel but too weak to defy Soviet control. That strategy failed. Time and again Moscow encountered obstacles as it tried to persuade Nasser to agree to the notion of a political settlement in the Middle East, and it fared no better when Sadat took over.

Yet, for the sake of its own position in the region, the Kremlin could not abandon the Egyptians, and so it continued to assist them even when they openly opposed Soviet purposes. Soon after entering office in 1971, for example, Sadat carried out a sweeping purge of his pro-Soviet rivals in the Central Committee of the Arab Socialist Union. Within two weeks, however, Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny flew into Cairo to sign a 15-year Treaty of Friendship and Cooperation with Sadat, ignoring the fate of the purged Egyptian leftists in the process. The terms of the treaty seemed to favor the Russians, but, as Sadat perceived it, the arrangement promised the weapons and advisers he needed to placate the Egyptian military establishment whose loyalty he needed. Moreover Sadat saw the Soviet commitment as a lever he could use in bargaining with the US, and, he further estimated, it in no way strapped him to Russian policies in the Middle East. The first test of Sadat's freedom came in July 1971, when the Sudanese dictator, Gen. Gaafar Nimeiry, crushed his Communist adversaries in what *Pravda* described as a "bloody reign of terror." Despite Moscow's criticism of Nimeiry's action, Sadat backed up his neighbor. Still the Russians continued to pour military equipment into Egypt even though much of the most modern hardware, like the MIG-23 fighter aircraft, was flown by Soviet pilots. Once again, however, Sadat made it clear that he was no Russian puppet.

Throughout 1971 he had been arguing with Moscow that he needed offensive weapons in order to threaten Israel into negotiations, but the Russians consistently rebuffed his requests out of fear that he might launch a war. Finally, infuriated by their rejection, Sadat expelled some 15,000 Soviet military advisers and closed down the base facilities he had granted them. But Moscow went on delivering him arms, and despite their attempts to dissuade him, he used them in 1973 against Israel. Meanwhile the Egyptian debt to the Soviet Union for weapons and other merchandise has piled up to some five billion dollars. Still the Russians are sending arms here in limited quantities, and trying to control Egypt's ability to employ them by holding back on spare parts. In short the Kremlin is seeking to

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maintain a minimum of influence here so that it can rebuild its position in case Kissinger's negotiating round comes to nothing. Sadat's capability to take the initiative in another war has consequently been curbed—and that may also account for his attempt to reach a compromise with Israel.

My own guess is that Kissinger will achieve a diplomatic breakthrough in the Sinai during his present whirl. But it should be termed an arrangement rather than peace. For Sadat will have to adjust himself to domestic Egyptian opinion as well as to the other Arab states before he can adhere to a durable settlement, and that complicated process cannot be ironed out in a week or even months. In the meantime the danger of another war is bound to hover over the Middle East, and each new conflict will be more devastating than the last.

The Army and Free Elections

Leftist Portugal

by Alex Keyssar

Portugal is being watched. During the 10 months since the young officers of the Movement of the Armed Forces (MFA) led the overthrow of Europe's oldest dictatorship, political developments in this country of eight and a half million people have taken on new international significance. In neighboring Spain, perched on the brink of a post-Franco era, the Portuguese model is viewed—with hope by some, dread by others—as potentially contagious. Elsewhere in Europe, particularly in France, the growing schism between Socialists and Communists is carefully scrutinized. American policymakers, meanwhile, seem apprehensive that the leftward shift in Portugal will deprive the US of a NATO ally and a base in the Azores that is important to strategy in the Middle East. The drama is heightened by the uncertainty of events in Portugal. Political and social conflicts are expressed openly and strenuously, but critical decisions are made, behind closed doors, by the leadership of the MFA.

Two things seem fairly certain about the near future in Portugal: there will be elections for a Constituent Assembly in April, and the army is not going back to its barracks. These contradictory facts define the limits of Portuguese politics. Many political parties have formed since last April 25, and, unless a crisis erupts within the next few days or weeks, they will have a chance to measure their popular support in the forthcoming elections for an assembly that will write a constitution. (A second election, for either a President or a parliament, is scheduled for next fall.) But the most prominent force in the nation is not a political party and is not fielding a slate of candidates.

The names and programs of the competing parties suggest the transformation of political rhetoric that has taken place since the toppling of Salazar's hand-picked successor, Marcello Caetano. Extreme conservatism is very unpopular; principles and personalities associated with the old regime are quickly attacked as "Fascist." Thus the organized political right now calls itself the center, and virtually everyone else claims to favor some brand of socialism. The major contestants:

- *CDS.* The Center Social Democrats are the electoral hope of Portuguese conservatives. The CDS does not belong to the current governing coalition and its leadership includes men who served in the old government and were close to Caetano. Recently the CDS and the more liberal PPD announced that they would present a common slate of candidates in the elections. Despite its unmistakable leanings to the right, the party's formal program includes some nods leftward, including demands for universal free medical care and diplomatic relations with Peking.
- *PPD.* Headed by Francisco Sa Carneiro, one of the most visible politicians in Portugal, the Popular Democratic party claims to represent the country's democratic liberals. It plays a key role in the transitional government, urges a variety of economic and social reforms, and has tried to carve out a middle ground between the right and the more explicitly socialist left—although its current alliance with the CDS does suggest a shift in position for a party that once unsuccessfully applied for membership in the Socialist International, to which belong England's Labour party,

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West Germany's Social Democrats, etc.

• *PSP.* The Socialist party has a small working-class base, a very prominent leader in Foreign Minister Mario Soares, and an extensive program for the gradual construction of a socialist Portugal. Although its energies, recently, have been sapped by disputes with the Communist party and the withdrawal of its own left wing, the party is a potentially crucial partner in any postelection coalition.

• *PCP.* The Portuguese Communist party has a long, impressive history of clandestine opposition to fascism and survival of severe repression. It has also been an ardent defender of the Soviet Union and endorsed the Warsaw Pact invasion of Czechoslovakia. Extremely influential in the labor movement, the PCP has a sizable, if not fully secure, working-class following. Accused of being both "hard line" and "revisionist," the PCP has called for the nationalization of banks and large-scale agrarian reform, but it envisages a substantial historical period before it, and the working-class, can come to power in Portugal. Many of the PCP's positions will be supported by the Portuguese Democratic Movement (MDP), a separate coalition that includes many former PCP member among the ranks.

• *UDP.* The Popular Democratic Union is a fusion of leftist parties that will utilize the election campaign in order to denounce the usefulness and meaning of the elections. Although numerically small, the far left is a growing boisterous presence: in early February, thousands of workers defied the government's temporary ban on demonstrations to respond to a call from the extreme left to protest against unemployment and NATO maneuvers.

These parties (among others) are scheduled to compete, according to very progressive procedural rules, in Portugal's first free elections in 49 years. The franchise has been widely extended, and nearly six million people have the right to vote—triple the number allowed in Caetano's last election. A ceiling of less than $4000 has been placed on each candidate's campaign expenditures, and machinery is being established to guard strictly against violations. Television and radio time will be free and equally divided among all parties presenting at least 50 candidates nationwide. Newspapers are also obliged to cover all participating organizations. And the act of voting is described, by the election law, as a civic duty: anyone who fails to vote will be ineligible to hold public office for a year.

No one can, with any certainty, predict the outcome of these elections, but most observers, aided by polls, agree that the CDS and the PPD will likely be the biggest vote-getters. Together they may well receive 60 percent of the ballots. The Socialist party is expected to do less well but better than the 15 percent envisaged for the PCP. Although these predictions accord a clear majority to those parties that, in American terms, are to the left of center, they imply that the Portuguese electorate is somewhat more conservative than the Movement of the Armed Forces. That gap, rooted in the persistent realities of the Portuguese economic and social structure, is one reason the army is not very eager to relinquish the reins of government.

In large measure the projected election results reflect the differences ween urban and rural life in Portugal. The nation has two substantial industrial areas, surrounding Lisbon and Porto, and an enormous L-shaped coastline dependent on fishing and tourists: these are the regions known to visitors. But the rural interior of Portugal is a world apart from Estoril. The people are very poor and isolated from the metropolis. Illiteracy rates are high, roads scarce and amenities like electricity often totally absent. Control of the towns and villages in these regions has, for decades, been in the hands of the Catholic church, bolstered by the fascist government.

Sixty percent of the electorate live in rural Portugal and have been little affected by the political tumult in downtown Lisbon. The left, particularly the PCP, has a great deal of support in the industrial centers and in the Alentejo, a southern region where landless agricultural laborers work the estates of large landowners. But the large and populous interior northeast of Lisbon is expected to vote heavily for the center and the right. Here landholdings are more divided, and the power of the church is essentially intact. Traditions and beliefs fostered by 50 years of right-wing rule have not been overturned in 10 months. Local priests are expected to seriously influence the voting, and it is not likely that they will be campaigning for the PCP. Indeed it was in reference to these regions that a leader of the PCP observed that the elections would not everywhere be free. In one village, reportedly, an angry priest responded to political posters on the church wall by scribbling "Here, I still make the law."

All of which poses problems for the MFA. Although the explicit goals of last April's revolution were limited and general (ending the colonial wars and restoring democracy at home), the officers of the MFA clearly leaned leftward and, since taking power, have moved even further to the left. After a recent meeting of the movement, the MFA's committee of coordination let it be known that they favored a "socialized society . . . and, if capitalists refused to cooperate, an explicitly socialist society." To be sure, there are political divisions within the movement, and the MFA is not the entire army, but the original 300 officers (out of a total of 4000) have steadily increased their support within the armed forces, removed a number of rightist officers, and maintained a facade of unanimity. And the Council of Twenty, which since December has been entrusted with major policy decisions, is firmly planted on the left of Portugal's political spectrum.

For the MFA then, a contradiction has developed between long-term political and social goals and the more immediate objective of initiating democratic

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political procedures. The officers who organized the overthrow of Caetano have begun to say aloud that they did not "remove the dictatorship and restore democracy" in order to legitimize politicians (of the CDS and PPD) who collaborated with the old regime—or to pave the way for Gen. Spinola's electoral return to power. Their mission will be completed, in their view, only when an "authentic democracy" has been constructed. As a result the MFA has decided, after prolonged debate about the appropriate means, to institutionalize its role in Portugal's political life even after the elections and the writing of a constitution. It has asked the political parties to agree now to a plan that would allow the MFA to retain control of key ministries and possess a veto power over certain important governmental decisions for a substantial, transitional period. While the parties are debating the plan, the formal beginning of the electoral campaign has been delayed until March 20. Most of the parties, although publicly in favor of some continued role for the MFA, are unhappy about the details of the plan and the timing of its presentation. (The PCP is a notable exception.) Nonetheless they are unlikely to force a confrontation with the MFA that they would not win and that could result in the cancellation of the elections. Political parties will be in a stronger bargaining position after the elections than before. Moreover the MFA, although compromised by its recent maneuvers, is still very popular in Portugal: the officers, not the politicians, overthrew the Fascist regime.

Thus Portugal's developing democratic institutions will have limited power while the MFA seeks to ensure that "the principles of April 25" are not violated—which means putting a check on any potential drift to the right. If the elections do reveal the presence of a center-conservative majority, the army's ability to live with democratic rules will be tested. Meanwhile the MFA has launched the beginnings of a social revolution designed to generate increased popular support and to find solutions to the country's economic problems. Recently they initiated a program of rural "dynamization" to break down the "obscurantism" and isolation of the agricultural regions. Army brigades are being sent to villages to build roads, to work with and listen to the people, and to talk politics. Officers hold meetings in the countryside and discuss the aims of the revolution and the meaning of socialism. As officers, they can speak where political organizers would not be welcomed.

The government has also finally announced its three-year economic plan. The document offers a combination of public and private solutions to politically charged economic problems. Portugal's inflation has been running close to 25 percent, and an estimated seven percent of the work force is totally unemployed—a figure that takes on added significance in light of a comment six months ago by the Secretary of State for Economic Planning, that the country would have severe difficulties if unemployment reached three percent. Inflation and unemployment are hardly strangers to any Western economy, but the situation in Portugal has been compounded by the recession elsewhere in Europe (limiting the outflow of Portuguese workers) and by domestic politics. Banks and private corporations are reluctant to invest or expand their activities in a country that is turning sharply to the left. Major landowners and businessmen are accused of economic sabotagenf deliberately blocking the production and flow of goods. The government's response is a program for the compensated nationalization of several key industries, land reform to break up the large estates, and a variety of social programs, including unemployment insurance. Private investments are still being protected and encouraged, but the flow of benefits is toward the working class and the shift of power toward the public sector.

What all this seems to add up to is a policy, on the part of the MFA and its allies, to generate changes in the social and economic structure that will enlarge the left's electoral constituency and diminish the economic base of the elites that controlled the old regime. That process is still in its early stages. While it proceeds, the central question in Portuguese politics is whether or not the MFA can and will preside over a transition to democracy that will, before too long, diminish its own role.

Not surprisingly, the progression of events in Portugal has sparked considerable controversy both within the country and abroad. Liberals have expressed growing concern about the MFA's reluctance to withdraw from politics, and conservatives, who were rarely perturbed by Dr. Salazar's encroachments on liberty, attack the captains' policy as a precursor to a "Communist takeover"—an unlikely event since the PCP is small and even the radical officers are, for the most part, not Communists. The left responds that such charges are propaganda designed to legitimize subversion from the right, backed by the United States. Indeed many Portuguese are concerned about possible US intervention in the country's affairs, and their fears are difficult to assuage in light of the US track record and various bits of circumstantial evidence, including: a visit to Portugal, last August, by CIA Deputy Director Gen. Vernon Walters; allegations of Portuguese officials denied in Washington that more than 100 CIA agents are operating in the country; reports of a great expansion of the US Embassy staff in Lisbon; and the removal of an ambassador who was known to be sympathetic to the new regime. NATO naval maneuvers along the Portuguese coast have also been interpreted as a form of intimidation. The example of Chile is never far from people's minds.

Despite the turmoil the Portuguese, reportedly, are carrying on with much equanimity. Different factions and parties swap accusations, if the institutionalization

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of the MFA is accepted by the largest parties and no major breach emerges with the armed forces, these conflicts will be channeled into the electoral campaign. Meanwhile the people are enjoying civil liberties that were illegal fantasies a year ago, and they are preparing to go to the polls. The elections on April 12 will not resolve Portugal's problems, but they will measure the opinions of the populace, lead to the writing of a new constitution, and offer some clues about the duration of the army's stay in Lisbon.

Fringe Benefits of a Depression

Bringing Back the WPA

by Peter Barnes

San Francisco

People have two main complaints about jobs these days: there aren't enough of them, and most of those that do exist are pretty unsatisfying. In an effort to increase the number of jobs, Congress has beefed up the funding of the 1973 Comprehensive Employment and Training Act (CETA). Under CETA authority now exists for about 300,000 public service jobs. The program works much like revenue sharing. Federal funds are allocated to cities, counties and states according to a formula that takes into account their unemployment and income levels. The localities then assign the funds to public agencies that want to hire additional people. There are amazingly few strings attached. Workers hired with CETA funds must have been unemployed for at least 30 days (this is to discourage cities from laying off regular employees and then rehiring them with federal funds, as some financially squeezed cities are nonetheless doing). Preference must be given to those on welfare and to Vietnam veterans. The agencies must try, or at least promise to try, to find permanent slots for half the new people they hire. And the salaries must be at prevailing levels, up to a maximum of $10,000. Beyond this, the only limit to what localities can do with CETA funds is their own imagination. The act says merely that jobs must be of the public service variety, which it defines as including, but not being limited to, "work in such fields as environmental quality, health care, education, public safety, crime prevention and control, prison rehabilitation, transportation, recreation, maintenance of parks, streets and other public facilities, solid waste removal, pollution control, housing and neighborhood improvements, rural development, conservation, beautification, veterans outreach, and other fields of human betterment and community improvement."

This extraordinary *carte blanche* opens up all kinds of possibilities for dealing with the nature of work itself. Must jobs be stifling, boring and frustrating? Can they not allow for creativity and pride of accomplishment, especially when freed from the constraints of the profit system? Up to now, most localities have used their CETA funds in rather predictable ways—for typists, security guards, maintenance personnel. But in a few cities some imaginative ideas have cropped up. Perhaps most intriguing among these is San Francisco's plan to hire artists and gardeners.

Putting artists on the public payroll is not, of course, a wholly original idea. Italian principalities did it during the Renaissance, and the Works Progress Administration (WPA) did it during the 1930s. Lately, however, most federal aid to the arts has been channeled (through the National Endowment for the Arts) to institutions such as symphonies, museums and opera companies, rather than to individual artists and performers. The notion that artists are workers—indeed that they constitute a chronically underemployed sector of the labor force and are thus deserving of government attention—has not gained wide acceptance.

For its part San Francisco has long been a mecca for artists, writers and craftspeople of all sorts. It has also had an active, if sparsely funded, Neighborhood Arts Program run by the San Francisco Art Commission, a city agency. This program, which receives a small portion of the city's hotel tax revenues, has sponsored workshops and art festivals and generally tried to encourage neighborhood cultural activities; one of its most popular services is the free printing of flyers for nonprofit cultural events.

About five years ago young artists in the predominantly Latino Mission district began to rediscover the mural as an art form. Brightly colored murals of varying quality started appearing on the walls of

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buildings in the Mission. Some had Latin American motifs; others were purely decorative; one or two carried a political message (the most blatant, ironically, is the one in the Bank of America's Mission branch, which depicts a dark-skinned laborer holding a booklet that proclaims, "Our sweat and our blood have fallen on this land to make other men rich"). At one point in 1971, when the city had some surplus federal funds from the Supplemental Training and Employment Program (STEP), it briefly hired about a dozen muralists at $80 a week. Otherwise the muralists have worked on their own, surviving, as one of them put it, by "free-lancing and free-loading."

This background helps explain why San Francisco was ready, when CETA funds became available last year, to pour some of the money (thus far about 11 percent of the city's CETA allocations) into hiring artists. There were other fortuitous circumstances as well. John Kreidler, a young administrator, who had worked with the Department of Labor and the Office of Management and Budget before dropping out of the Washington scene, happened to be an intern at the San Francisco Art Commission when the CETA program was getting underway. Kreidler knew how to write proposals, and the head of the city's manpower office, Eunice Elton, an admirer of the WPA arts projects, knew how to expedite them. Elton liked the fact that the Art Commission, unlike other city agencies, was small and easy to deal with. She also relished the idea of producing some visible and lasting creations with the city's CETA money. Together the Art Commission and the manpower office worked out a plan to hire 113 artists in two stages. These would include muralists, painters, ceramists, photographers, filmmakers, architects, poets, playwrights, community historians, musicians, dancers, actors, theatrical technicians and gardeners. They would be given the civil service classification of "curatorial aides," paid $270 biweekly, and put to work for at least six months.

When notice of the first 24 openings went out last December, there were more than 300 applications; for the 89 jobs announced last month, more than 3000 people picked up application forms. The selection process was arduous and painful. After an initial screening the most qualified applicants were interviewed by selection committees made up of staffers from the Art Commission and the manpower office. "The credentials of almost all the applicants were remarkable," said one of the interviewers. "A great number had graduate degrees and excellent portfolios. Most had been surviving on low-skill jobs, food stamps, unemployment or welfare. The main thing we looked for, in addition to the quality of their work, was their ability to communicate their skills to other people. We didn't just want them to work in studios. We wanted them to help with workshops, classes, public productions. We also wanted self-starters, people who'd work with a minimum of supervision."

What are the artists doing? The muralists, who were among the first batch hired, are of course painting murals. "I'm doing exactly what I was doing before, except I'm getting paid for it," says Patricia Rodriguez, a

Fragment of a mural by Mujeres Muralistas in Paco's Tacos parking lot *Photo by Larry John*

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member of a three-woman team called Mujeres Muralistas. Mike Rios, another muralist, says murals could spring up all around San Francisco and "make this a really enchanted place." One virtue of murals, he adds, is that "they get art out of the museums and private homes, out of the private ownership trip, into the streets where people can experience it again and again. Dogs and cats, too."

Also among the first group of artists hired is a ceramist who's giving pottery classes at a museum; a painter who heads a recycling center that transforms discarded materials into instructional tools; a filmmaker and a photographer who are documenting the many creative activities in town; and a theatrical technician who helps local drama groups set up their productions. The second wave of public service artists, just beginning work this month, includes several former members of the San Francisco Mime Troupe and a Chinese musical ensemble that also plays jazz. They, plus assorted other performers, will put on lunch-hour shows in factory areas, on the docks and other places where people work. Several writers will compile oral histories of San Francisco's many ethnic communities. Architects will help design neighborhood cultural centers. And the poets? "They'll work with literature teachers, hold workshops for kids in school, organize anthologies of local poetry, and give readings all over the place," says Roberto Vargas, associate director of the Neighborhood Arts Program and himself a boxer turned poet. "For example, I'd like to get poetry into the gymnasiums. There are a lot of boxers in there who are really poets. Look at Muhammad Ali."

The gardening project, which will employ 20 people, is an extension of an existing community garden program. The gardeners will teach children and adults how to build gardens in school yards, housing projects, parks and vacant lots. "It's important that people learn how to make compost and grow more of their own food," says Ruth Asawa, a well known sculptress who's been active in city gardening and arts programs for many years. "City-grown food not only tastes better and fresher, it saves energy used for transportation." Asawa sees the CETA program as a long-needed opportunity to demonstrate the social value of creative work. "We shouldn't talk about art so much as about making people feel good. That's what artists do. Artists reach people, they involve people, they make us all feel good. That's really important, especially as the economy gets worse and as work becomes more computerized and alienating."

Unlike the old WPA, CETA provides money only for salaries; equipment and supplies must be scrounged from other sources. The other major difference between CETA and the federal arts projects of the 1930s is that CETA is totally decentralized. This is both an advantage and a disadvantage. Where local governments are imaginative, they can spawn truly creative work; where they're unimaginative, not much will happen. Seattle now has 15 openings for artists; Tacoma, Portland and Los Angeles are considering similar projects. But how many cities have the political courage to put artists on the public payroll without curtailing their freedom of expression?

As unemployment rises Congress is likely to put more money into CETA. Sens. Harrison Williams (D, NJ) and Jacob Javits (R, NY) are pushing a bill to create a million public service jobs at a total cost of $7.8 billion. Other legislators, as well as President Ford, are calling for smaller though substantial increases in the number of public service jobs. Whatever the number ultimately approved, a deeper question is: will these jobs merely provide a temporary boost to the economy, or can they have a more lasting impact on the way America puts its citizens to work? There is much work that could be done to make people feel good, both bodily and in spirit; to make our lives fuller, less dependent on nonrenewable energy sources and on mass-produced gadgets that pollute our habitat and regularly self-destruct. Some of this work would fall under the heading of art; all would fall within CETA's broad definition of public service. We could, for example, pay people to insulate homes, build and install solar energy equipment, rebuild aging railroad beds, manufacture and operate jitneys and mini-buses, set up free health clinics, and teach us how to reuse much of the junk we throw out.

Up to now, neither private industry nor government has seen fit to compensate large numbers of people for performing this kind of work. But one of the fringe benefits of a depression is that it allows a country to rethink its work patterns, to release human energies that remain untapped during periods of prosperity. CETA, with the free rein it offers local governments, is one mechanism that might release these energies; others might be created that would rely more on individual initiative than on public agencies. Sen. Javits, for example, is looking at a Canadian program that permits groups of citizens to design a work project and then seek government funding. Another plan would allow individuals to take "job vouchers" to the employer of their choice. Employers collecting the vouchers would be reimbursed by the government and would use the reimbursement to pay the workers' salary. In effect the worker would hire the employer and they would mutually design the job.

If imaginative job programs do take root, the final test will be whether they outlast the economic slump. One is reminded of Lewis Mumford's plea in this journal (*TNR*, Dec. 30, 1936) at a time when it seemed that the WPA's Federal Art Program was about to be abandoned: "Can it be said of us that we could afford art when we were, as a nation, in dire need, and that we were ready to make art an outcast and a hanger-on as soon as the income of the country began to rise again? That is too bitter a paradox for a generous intelligence to accept."

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Hearts and Minds

(Warner Bros.)

Some French Films

Hearts and Minds is a documentary about American involvement in the Vietnam war, and it's the most important film on the subject—for an extrinsic reason. It's the first Vietnam documentary to be released in this country by a major distributor and thus can be seen in theaters by more people than any comparable film. Of course there were lots of TV specials, but though some were helpful, all were shorter and most were more guarded. (I know only one that was fine, Eugene S. Jones' *A Face of War.*) Possibly Warner Brothers wouldn't have touched *Hearts and Minds* while American troops were actually in combat or in North Vietnamese prisons; still I think this timing is good, because of current questions about the use of force in other foreign difficulties and because of the shameful sloth among young people about Vietnam that has set in since the "peace" treaty. How morally outraged they all were when their own skins (or their friends') were in danger. How slight the protest is now that only brown skins are being cut up. The casualty rate in Vietnam has by no means decreased, the US has sent hundreds of millions in aid since the treaty and Mr. Ford wants to continue support of a putrid government that has thousands of political prisoners in indescribable prisons, but the former American protesters are now settled down and preoccupied, and since there is no immediate personal danger, no new crop has replaced them. To put the most cynical view, maybe Warner Brothers are distributing *Hearts and Minds* because they think it *won't* have any effect. If so, I hope it boomerangs.

You may have read of some legal fuss about the picture. Walt W. Rostow got a temporary restraining order against the film, later set aside by a higher court, because of a segment of an interview with him. He is asked on screen for a review of his whole Vietnam position and he calls the question "goddam silly." Presumably it's only this phrase he objects to, not the treatment of his views, because, as the interview is woven through the film, his views are not even stated.

Hearts and Minds was directed and coproduced by Peter Davis, who made the disturbing CBS documentary *The Selling of the Pentagon.* The coproducer was Bert Schneider, an interesting Hollywood figure, a partner in BBS Productions which did (among others) *Easy Rider* and *Five Easy Pieces.* The film is a tapestry of interviews, newsreels, clips from Hollywood fiction films about war, and some footage in Vietnam shot specifically for this film. These are the more-or-less expected ingredients; the question is what has been done with them.

In what is by now the tradition of Vietnam documentaries, there are two basic aspects: the horrors of war as such, and the political/moral questions. On the first point, which is frighteningly easy to fulfill, the film gives us the awful catalogue: the villagers crawling through wreckage, the battered Americans and others on litters, the mourning over corpses, and the picture that has become almost archetypal—the little girl running naked down a road, her skin peeling after a napalm bombing. (Davis includes an ironic postlude I hadn't seen before, a GI giving the child a drink from his canteen.) About these horrors, I can only repeat what I've said before: They don't particularize anything against the Vietnam war. Pictures of burned Tokyo children in 1942 or burned Hamburg children in 1943 are just as horrible. Do they argue against the waging of World War II?

No, a film on Vietnam must answer political/moral questions, on the assumption that war is sometimes unavoidable in the face of powers that cannot be stopped except by force and that are worth stopping. *Hearts and Minds* flirts a little with the hawks and a little more with the doves, but it has no clear views and presents no participant's views satisfactorily. No one could know from Rostow what the Lyndon Johnson rationale was. From Gen. Westmoreland, who looks and sounds like an aging Dick Tracy, there is only stupidity. From Nguyen Khanh (in Paris) there is a taped phone conversation with Ambassador Maxwell Taylor in 1964 in which Taylor urges him to abdicate power. This was because Khanh was leaning toward settlement with the North, but the film doesn't say so. Daniel Ellsberg, posed against the Pacific, tells us that all our Presidents, from Truman on, have lied to us, but he doesn't tell us why or how. (Though he chokes up for us on the subject of Robert Kennedy's death. I've read that at a Washington preview of this film, Ellsberg, a man I would like to like, choked up again at the sight of himself choking up.) One of the most direct political statements comes from Sen. Fulbright, who tells us about the lie of Tonkin Gulf, but not that he was one of those who swallowed it. (If the lie was so impenetrable, how come that Sens. Gruening and Morse, to their eternal credit, voted against the Tonkin Gulf resolution?) But these elements, and others, do not add up to a clear political history, objective or (as I would prefer) polemic.

Some moral matters are a bit clearer. A returned navy pilot, shot down and imprisoned for years, believes as strongly as ever in the rightness of what he did. Another pilot, now living in the West, has had a change of heart and now deplores his former cool professionalism. In response to a question he says that the US is trying not to learn from the war. I think this is true. "Learning" would imply an admission that no nation *qua* nation can make about its past behavior because it would inhibit future behavior *qua* nation. Hegel's line needs to be rewritten: We learn from history that governments can't afford to learn moral lessons from history.

The picture is generally well made. A few objections: a sequence with GIs in a Vietnam brothel seems irrelevant. Too often Davis uses the device of a waist-shot, repeated as the interviewee's sequence is woven through the film,

(continued on page 34)

Films Worth Seeing

Amarcord. Fellini's lovely-funny-bitter poem about his youth—at least the way he wants to remember it.

A Brief Vacation. De Sica directs Florinda Bolkan beautifully in this soft but moving tale of a young working woman's escape from drudgery in a TB sanitorium.

Murder on the Orient Express. An all-star cast really stars in a cozy old Agatha Christie yarn.

Scenes from a Marriage. Bergman compressed his 300-minute Swedish TV series into three hours, still it's Bergman—and Liv Ullmann.

SK

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The Crime of Attica

A Time To Die
by Tom Wicker

(Quadrangle/The New York Times; $10)

This painfully and at times embarrassingly honest book might more accurately be titled *The Education of Tom Wicker*. From the opening paragraphs, as Wicker describes a luncheon at the Bill Fay Club in Washington, where he can hold his own in conversation with "erudite men" who express their views on "everything from art to politics" while eating lamb chops and drinking good wine, one senses that the book will be primarily Wicker's story, the confession of his own real or imagined inadequacies.

The time is September 1971, and on the ninth of that month (the day before the luncheon) 1281 inmates out of a prison population of 2243 rebelled against the inhuman conditions at the Attica Correctional Facility in upstate New York. The inmates seized 50 officers and civilian workers as hostages and took control of B and D Blocks, the exercise yards, and all connecting tunnels and catwalks. By afternoon, the prisoners issued their "immediate demands," addressing them to President Nixon and New York Gov. Nelson Rockefeller. Among these demands was the stipulation that observers, particularly newsmen and reporters, should come to Attica to be witness to, and assist in, the negotiations for a settlement. Tom Wicker, associate editor of *The New York Times*, was among the 14 observers the rebelling inmates specifically invited, and when his secretary relayed the message to him at the Bill Fay Club luncheon, although he knew little or nothing as to what it was about, Wicker took the next flight to Buffalo.

The rebelling inmates, seeking to stage a protest that would be for once a wide open book against injustice which the entire world could read, asked in addition for "*all the people*" to come. Ultimately 37 observers were moving in and out of the stewards' room of the Attica administration building, sleeping little, eating little, alternately hopeful and despairing as they played their parts in discussions in the safety of the stewards' room or at the negotiating table in the potentially explosive atmosphere of D-Yard.

Among others whom the prisoners had called for by name were William Kunstler, who became attorney for the rebelling inmates, US Rep. Herman Badillo of New York, two members of the Young Lords party, and Bobby Seale of the Black Panthers. In this company, Tom Wicker describes himself as a man whom the world looked on as a success, but who saw himself as "overweight, affluent beyond his sense of decency, a writer who feared he had written nothing that would last" (does one really have that on one's mind?)—in short, "a disappointed man" of 45 who believed "he had fallen short," and who saw the Attica story as one "that might make him think better of his work, even of his life." For "the stuff of immortality" that is his concern, he knows is lacking from *The New York Times* thrice-weekly editorial column that he writes.

In telling this story of his life, Wicker does not use the pronoun "I." As did Norman Mailer in *Fire on the Moon*, he refers to himself in the third person, and that person still bears the heavy burden of guilt of his upbringing in a small Southern town (Hamlet, North Carolina) where "backyard help was handed a generous plate at the back door and [where] it was only natural that the plate later was scalded against whatever might be 'catching.'" There, growing up, "he could hear black feet scuffling overhead at the movies, but it never entered his mind that the sound was ominous, that if he could hear the colored people, he might someday have to see them." Not until Wicker is 45, and not until his involvement in Attica, it would seem, does he come to the realization that "there is some evidence to suggest that the more people imprisoned, the more criminals are made; and that the longer the term, the likelier the inmate is to recidivate." Yet he notes that shortly before the Attica uprising, he "had written sympathetically about the death of George Jackson at San Quentin," and that, "unknown to him, the Jackson articles had been given wide circulation in the black press and on the prison grapevine." The predominantly black rebelling inmates at Attica had

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apparently overlooked Wicker's choice of the word "death" in place of "murder," and in their hour of crisis called on him to come.

Although the blow-by-blow account of the events during those four, tense September days has been as scrupulously and as emotionally documented in earlier publications (among them Herman Badillo's book, *Attica*, Rep. Claude Pepper's *Prisons in Turmoil*, and *The Official Report of the New York State Special Commission on Attica*), Wicker's book has the value and virtue of being one more voice confirming that the carnage of the final solution need not have taken place. Wicker's contribution to an understanding of the tragedy of Attica does not lie in his Faulkneresque excesses of rhetoric (such as, "No American would ever be free, he thought in his exhaustion and despair. That was the inescapable truth of it, harsh as the story of Lucifer's fall. They who had sought to be masters would be forever slaves. Having loosed in the traffic of souls the darkness within themselves, they had loosed as well as the black living image of that darkness, and the fear of darkness made flesh, darkness rising in savage triumph, not only had haunted their world and their children's world but would haunt the world of their children's children. Because what was feared so much had to be hated—relentlessly, implacably, ruinously hated. But hate only begets hate"). It does not lie in such irrelevancies as references to his impending divorce, or that, having neglected to bring along a suitcase, he could not don a clean shirt and underwear after a shower in a Buffalo motel; or that once, "in a fierce dinner-table debate with James Baldwin" he (Wicker) had declared "a willingness to trade his white skin for Baldwin's literary talent." (It is to be assumed that Baldwin did not take him up on this.)

Wicker's contribution lies in his depictions of the various prison officials, as well as of Rockefeller's representatives, and also in his credible (if at times uncharitable) analyses of his fellow members on the observers' committee as they seek for compromise on the rebelling inmates' 28 points, which superseded the earlier demands. "At a meaner level of calculation," Wicker wonders "if his own association in the public mind with radical figures [*i.e.*, Kunstler and Seale] might not damage him. It was a normal if not uplifting thought of a kind he had had frequently in his years of ascent. Sometimes he had responded with contempt for such hesitations; at other times he had acted upon them ignobly or timidly." Unforgettable as well are his descriptions of the bonfire-illuminated and moonlit scenes in D-Yard when "'the inmate security team'—a long curving human chain" with locked arms protected the observers from any violence that might threaten from the hundreds of prisoners on the other side of this human barricade. And Wicker's contribution lies as well in the sound of his voice asking Gov. Rockefeller to come to Attica, not to enter D-Yard, and not to meet with the inmates, but to sit in the safety of the stewards' room and talk with the observers there.

The day before the September 13 massacre in D-Yard, when 10 hostages and 29 inmates lay dead or dying (all killed by troopers' and officers' fire), Tom Wicker and two other reporters, one from *The Amsterdam News* and the other from *The New York Daily News*, interviewed five of the hostages on radio and before television cameras. Wicker reports that each hostage was asked if he had a direct message to send the governor, and each replied that he had. The first hostage to speak said: "I want the Governor to get his ass here now." Hostage Capt. Wald, the senior officer at Attica, said in part: "Governor, we are here in the yard with quite a group of people and anything you can do I am highly in support of. We lived for four days under the same conditions they [*i.e.*, the inmates] are living in, and we are thirty-eight men who understand exactly what they are trying to get for themselves . . . It would seem a shame to waste a group of educated men like this."

Hostage Sgt. Cunningham answered Wicker's question as follows: "One of the recommendations: if he says 'no' I'm dead. He must give them clemency, he must give them clemency from criminal prosecution . . ." Eighteen hours later, Cunningham was shot dead by 10 pellets from a state police shotgun. "On September 14," writes Wicker, "Dr. John Edland, the Monroe County Medical Examiner, found the bodies of eight hostages and nineteen inmates awaiting his examination . . . that afternoon, Dr. Edland—after what he later called 'the worst day of my life'—made public his findings. Not a single hostage had been killed by knife wounds. None had been castrated or mutilated. All had died on Monday morning, September 13th. All had been killed by bullets or buckshot—some hit as many as 'five, ten, twelve times.'"

Those on the side of life had believed there were still a number of possible solutions to be explored, and it was in this hope that a public statement issued by the entire observers' committee had urged Rockefeller to come. When this appeal failed, Wicker had telephoned from the stewards' room to Rockefeller in his Pocantico Hills home. It was hoped that if Rockefeller came he would, in Wicker's words, "pick up the same vibrations, the same sensations we had about the buildup of frustration, hostility, and anger on the part of these heavily armed men [*i.e.*, the assault forces] and the fact that there was bound to be a considerable amount of violence once an attack was carried out." The telephone call to Rockefeller, as described by Wicker as well as in *The Official Report of the New York State Special Commission on Attica*, lasted over an hour. Wicker, Clarence Jones, publisher of *The Amsterdam News*, Herman Badillo, and State Sen. John Dunne of Nassau County, New York, all spoke, and "each confirmed what the others had said to the Governor—that a massacre was about to take place."

Jones and Dunne told Rockefeller that his presence would give the observers

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"greater credibility with the inmates," and might even provide "that additional ingredient that could tip the scales toward the possibility of a peaceful solution." Dunne later testified that, "We didn't ask the Governor, we pleaded. We pleaded in the name of humanity to please come up to Attica to meet with us." To Wicker, Rockefeller said: ". . . and I just want you to know how grateful I am and how much I really admire what you and the others are doing up there. I know you've all worked hard and taken great risks and I appreciate it, I really do. It's just great . . . just great." And Rockefeller did not come.

Rockefeller, Wicker points out, "was not a man of many doubts" (perhaps "any" would have been the more accurate word), and as he talked with Wicker his voice soon lost its cordial tone. He expressed his understanding that when men had worked hard and risked a lot on a given issue they were ready to grasp at any straw. He told Wicker "quite candidly" that the idea of his coming to Attica was clearly "just one of those straws." He reiterated that the real issue was amnesty, and that his legal people had looked into the question, and he did not have the constitutional authority to grant amnesty. Even if he did have the power, he added, he wouldn't grant it because he was convinced that "holding hostages was the wrong way to get redress of grievances," and that such amnesty "would violate the principle of the equal application of the laws." Wicker is rightfully astounded by the irony of this. "In a country where so many wealthy or well-represented lawbreakers go free," he reflects, "where the killers at Kent State and Jackson State were not even prosecuted, where minorities . . . suffered from openly prejudiced law in whole regions, where the poor and disadvantaged of all races usually felt the weight of police, courts, and prisons," by what concept of justice could "the equal application of the laws" be upheld in the case of the Attica brothers?

Wicker's book, as do all other reports I have seen, makes clear that because of the extensive media coverage of the rebellion and the wide-openness of the negotiations, the inmates never for a moment believed that the state would move in on them with guns. Tear gas, yes; clubs, of course, but not gunfire. In his 1972 statement to the New York State Special Commission, Rockefeller described his telephone conversation with the observers.

. . . I felt [he testified] that they did not want to admit defeat in this and see this thing go back to the Commissioner [i.e., Russell G. Oswald, commissioner of the NY State Department of Correctional Services]. So I said, "Well, what do you think would be accomplished by my presence?" And their answer was, "Well, we don't know, two things. One, something might happen and two, we could buy time."

"Well," I said, "who do you want to buy time from? Are you worried that the prisoners are going to move and kill the hostages or are you worried the state is going to move?" And they said, "No, we're worried about the state."

On September 15, 1971, two days after the Attica massacre, Rockefeller is on record as stating that the attack had "come out" better than he had expected, and that he felt the state troopers and other officers had done "a superb job."

Twice during the 1974 Senate Judiciary Committee hearings on Rockefeller's nomination to the vice presidency of the United States, I wired members of the committee, urging that Wicker's book (then unpublished) be subpoenaed as of vital relevance to the deliberations on Rockefeller's fitness for a government post. I, too, had read Wicker's pieces on George Jackson, and knew that he had participated with courage in the D-Yard negotiations. But after reading *A Time To Die*, I question whether Tom Wicker's burden of guilt is not too personal a burden to ask others to share. His conclusion that prisons have failed as places of rehabilitation, but indeed are apt to make hardened criminals and desperate men out of small-time breakers of the law, is startling to those who have not traveled the long road he has come from Hamlet. "The facts and the judgments," *The Official Report of the New York State Special Commission* writes of Attica, "disclose only the tip of the fiery hell that lies below." Yet it is possible that a public not given to reading official reports, no matter how vivid and forceful the language, will be more likely to turn to the Book-of-the-Month Club's choice of Wicker's account and come to recognize the dimensions of the crime of Attica as seen through the troubled vision of one man's anxieties.

Kay Boyle

Kay Boyle, the distinguished novelist and essayist, has written, most recently, *The Underground Woman* (Doubleday).

Mr. Pleasure

The Evening Colonnade by Cyril Connolly

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $15)

Henry Miller once offered the following sentences to Cyril Connolly:

You are very wise, very understanding and really very kindly. I wonder that you remain the critic. You can go beyond. You must have great fears and doubts, and you have overlaid another personality on the original one, a protective masked being which deals with what you imagine to be a harsh, cruel world.

It is still widely assumed that Connolly might have done superior work, that he was sufficiently gifted to participate in the better poetry and fiction of his generation, and that his decline into a reviewer for *The Sunday Times* is matter for great regret. He was, as we say, a distinguished failure, a casualty of the age. If we want to remove the harm from such a situation we recall that Henry James found Flaubert "more interesting as a failure however qualified than as a success however explained," and that T.S. Eliot, meditating upon Coleridge as "a ruined man," said that sometimes to be a ruined man is itself a vocation.

It is not indecent, so recently after his death, to speak of Connolly as a failure. He insisted upon the theme, and proclaimed himself a failure as though he wished to save his friends the pain of recording such a judgment. "Like most critics," he declared, "I drifted into the profession through a lack of moral stamina: I wanted to be a poet, and to revive the epic: I wanted to write a novel about archaic Greece, but my epic and my novel fell so short of the standards which my reading had set me that I despaired of them and, despairing, slipped into the interim habit of writing short-term articles about books." The ambition was exorbitant, as Connolly discovered; he had no gift for large work. That he entertained the delusion at all is evidence of immaturity, a touch of narcissism which we feel in everything he wrote. In *The Condemned Playground* he acknowledged that his taste, like his talent, favored the lesser rather than the greater forms. "I am secretly a lyricist," he wrote, "the works

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to which I lose my heart are those that attempt, with a purity and a kind of dewy elegance, to portray the beauty of the moment, the gaiety and sadness, the fugitive distress of hedonism."

Besides, he was born a few years too late. He went up to Oxford in 1922, the year in which Eliot published *The Waste Land*, Joyce *Ulysses*, Lawrence *England, My England*, and Yeats *Later Poems*. The harvest is too rich. If you are young, bright and privileged, you must arrange to take part in the new literature, not merely read it with envy and bewilderment when it comes out. It is painful to be 19, like Connolly, in the year of *The Waste Land*, and to know that the great work has been written by someone else. Connolly tried to do major work, but he did not try hard; he decided while at Oxford that he would have to make a different mark, not as a poet, novelist, or even as a critic, but as an epicure. He turned a necessity into a virtue, or at least into a flair, parading self-mockery as though it were a peculiarly interesting wine. He became what nature designed him to be, a voluptuary, hedonist, mandarin. Henry Miller was wrong in one respect. Connolly's mask was not a *persona* but his true self, acknowledged for what it was, resolutely epicurean. The fact that his work "went off the boil," as he reported in *The Condemned Playground*, only means that he found it impossible to sustain himself upon a narrow and decadent range of feeling. He became not the master of his experience, but its Prufrock:

> *Is it perfume from a dress*
> *That makes me so digress?*

So he took to literature as he took to food, travel and wine, thinking these perquisites the only criteria by which a society is to be judged. The conventional account of Connolly is therefore inaccurate. It is not true that he tried to do major work and failed. He knew his limitations more precisely and more intimately than he knew anything else, he hated them and from that hatred made a career. He owed as much to his vices as other men to their merits.

Enemies of Promise begins:

> *It is after lunch (omelette, vichy, peaches) on a sultry day. There is the plane tree with the table underneath it; a gramophone is playing in the next room. I always try to write in the afternoon for I have enough Irish blood to be afraid of the Irish temperament. . . . I find Augustan Latin and Augustan English the best correctives. But they do not work well at all times, and when I write after dark the shades of evening scatter their purple through my prose.*

This is misleading because it gives the impression of claiming to be handsome, the casual sentiments of a charming fellow. There are languorous pages in Connolly's books, and we are meant to take them as pretty in their way:

> *My previous incarnations: a melon, a lobster, a lemur, a bottle of wine, Aristippus.*

But his trademark is an elegantly proclaimed dissatisfaction with himself, as in *The Unquiet Grave:*

> *No opinions, no ideas, no true knowledge of anything, no ideals, no inspiration; a fat, slothful, querulous, greedy, impotent carcass; a stump, a decaying belly washed up on the shore. "Manes Palinuri esse placandos!" Always tired, always bored, always hurt, always hating.*

Does he mean it? Yes, but he also means to make his carcass beautiful in the end by stressing its ugliness in the beginning; we are to love him for telling the truth, and then to find beautiful his way of telling it:

> *July: Once more the bold Dragonfly of pleasure has brushed me with its wing. Divine Sainte-Beuve, —"L'épicuréisme bien compris,"—and Hume, the Northern Epicurus. Late June, July and early August — fruit-eating months when the English become callous, pleasure-ridden, amorous and Elizabethan. It is necessary.*

Necessary, I presume, because the English roll with the seasons, obey the Zeitgeist. The studied plangency of Connolly's writing in these passages has a design upon us, to make us feel that only a heartless world would force a decent man to tell the truth of himself so relentlessly. Connolly knows that in literature we begin by deploring a man's vices, and then we realize that his interest as a character is so dependent upon his vices that a cure would reduce him to zero, he would evaporate before our eyes. We end by protecting the vices as though they were innocent children, maimed by a cruel world. No reader has ever prayed that Bartleby would become amenable, Molly Bloom chaste, Zeno Cosini healthy and abstemious, Ilya Oblomov energetic, Milton's God charming, or Connolly's Palinurus pro-

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ductive. A man's vices seem lovable to us because, poor things, they are our own.

Furthermore, as Kenneth Burke remarks in *Towards a Better Life*, "when people are both discerning and unhappy, they tend to believe that their unhappiness is derived from their discernment." Connolly tended to believe that his unhappiness was derived from the hostility visited by an alien world upon his discernment and his pleasures. During the war years his exasperation was extreme, as he tried to edit *Horizon*. Literature seemed to follow life, as he said, "like a barge on a quiet canal towed by a madman on a motor-cycle." Travel was impossible, food was meager and unvaried, wine ceased to be a luxury only by becoming a miracle. From these exasperations Connolly wrote *The Unquiet Grave*, the book upon which his repute depends. Written in 1942-43, published in 1944, the book touched a nerve in many readers, and became at least for a few people a handbook of heartbreak, their definitive *Anatomy of Melancholy*, a wartime's *A Rebours*.

The Evening Colonnade is a large collection of Connolly's essays and reviews, mostly *Sunday Times* reviews brought together, as in *Previous Convictions*, for what they are worth. During the last few years Connolly's reviews got tired of themselves, he found he could deal with a book by putting half his mind to the task, and he kept the other half in reserve, like a good wine in the cellar. At the beginning of his career he took his criticism seriously, and applied himself to it. When Joyce's *Anna Livia Plurabelle* came out in 1929, Connolly was on the spot, ready for thought and action. He was not a major critic. He was not interested in problems of literary theory; he wrote upon hunches, trusting to a superior taste. Always capable of saying perceptive things, he was not always willing to labor in their behalf. In *The Evening Colonnade* he writes of James and Wilde that while James was completely a gentleman Wilde merely used the word to disparage other people ("A gentleman never looks out of the window"). There are many perceptions in that vein, tossed off with a certain dewy elegance, but Connolly does not press his mind very hard. If it is true that every writer has a natural breath-length, Connolly's was remarkably short; he expelled it in a sentence and had to lie down after a paragraph. His themes are the old pleasures: books, places, animals, fruit, wine. Connolly liked to review biographies so that he could muse upon the man, allowing the poems, plays, novels, pictures to cast the appropriate glow upon a prose at best urbane, at other times mellifluous and self-regarding. The list of writers noticed is long: La Fontaine, Swift, Pope, Voltaire, Sade, Boswell, Baudelaire, Wilde, Flaubert, Symons, Dowson, James, Proust, Yeats, Eliot, Pound, Joyce, Lytton Strachey, Gide, Hemingway, Cummings, Williams (W. C., not Tennessee or Charles), Henry Miller, Mary McCarthy, Cocteau, Lorca, Auden, Orwell, Mailer, Robert Lowell, Solzhenitsyn. Connolly particularly admired Proust, Eliot, Yeats, Pound, had a soft spot for Firbank; did not admire Lawrence, Beckett, Stein, Scott Fitzgerald or Cocteau. Some of the liveliest essays are on travel: Avignon, Aix, Venice, Paris, Leptis Magna, Capetown, Nairobi, Lake Manyara, Dakar, Mas Palomas. The style in these pieces is liberal and energetic, mainly I suppose because it was lavished upon pure pleasure, not upon the intimidating claims of literature. Connolly wrote well when he brought to the occasion not a sense of duty but a sense of holiday. He

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was not a good critic, his critical discrimination was weak, he found nothing distasteful in discussing Somerset Maugham and E. M. Forster in the same short breath. He wrote essays, not assays.

The Evening Colonnade will please those readers who are ready to lose their hearts to Connolly, whatever he does, whatever he writes. The book seems to me interesting, but wan, a tired man's book. Some passages sound as though Connolly found it wearisome to keep even half his mind on the job. But there are nice things in the book, too. I find it genuinely charming that Connolly, reviewing the fourth volume of Leon Edel's biography of James, and praising it as it deserver, added as his last sentence a pseudoscholarly correction: "By the way, the rare wine which Meredith gave Daudet must have been Côte Rôtie, not Votes-rotiers."

Denis Donoghue

Denis Donoghue, author of *Third Voice* (Princeton University Press) and studies of *Jonathan Swift* and *Yeats*, is professor of modern English and American literature, University College, Dublin.

Seeing Better

The Look of Things by John Berger

(Richard Seaver/Viking; $6.95)

If I wasn't sure that John Berger was the most consistently rewarding art critic writing in English, I could recommend him as the author of *G.*, one of his few books available in this country, or *A Painter of Our Time*, the finest novel I know about modern artistic process (and now out of print). John Berger's starting point in the books reviewed here is the visual image—painted, drawn, sculpted, pasted together or photographed. His subject, always, is the politics of perception. He is our Blakean windowcleaner, scrubbing away at the doors of perception, cleansing the soul's crusty windows of the detritus of tradition and habit.

Berger's analyses of painting range beyond the painterly conventions to, for example, the implications of Renaissance perspective "which arranges the visible world for the spectator as the universe was once thought to be arranged for God." He pries open our eyes to the museum's role in concealing the true costs of the masterworks it celebrates as our artistic tradition—a cost made up of the thousands and thousands of failed portraits or nudes or landscapes or religious paintings that actually constitute the tradition which the masterworks have transcended.

Ways of Seeing is composed of seven essays, three of which are entirely pictorial. Sandwiched between the verbal essays, the pictures serve as dramatic underlining, almost captions, for Berger's arguments. The book is an extended examination of the habits of perception we've inherited from the Renaissance, and so it is also about how men and women look at each other. Berger says: "To be born a woman has been to be born . . . into the keeping of men." A woman learns to survey herself continually; "the *surveyor* and the *surveyed* [are] the two constituent yet always distinct elements of her identity as a woman." She does this to show others—that is, men—how her whole self wants to be treated. On the next page one encounters an array of painted nudes, each looking out of the picture frame at the reader. Even when she is actively engaged with her lover or lovers, the woman's attention is leveled at the spectator. In the midst of riotous sexual cavortings, she often remains curiously passive. Berger's conclusion: that in European painting, as compared to non-European traditions, the woman is there to feed man's appetite, to submit to the viewer's feelings or demands. "In most oil paintings the principal protagonist isn't painted—the male spectator, with his clothes still on." There is much more to say about this ingeniously self-reflexive book, but to suggest something of its lasting effect: after reading it you will never be able to look at a nude in the same way again.

The Look of Things is a collection of essays intended to introduce Berger to an American audience. The selection does justice to Berger's intellectual and imaginative grasp, above all to his acute sense of modernity. Why has a writer, who understands so much about the complex nature of modern heroisms, had so little following here? Because, simply, Berger is a Marxist. His Marxism is a view of history, a dialectical methodology, not a dogma or set of conclusions. Even when you disagree with his politics, you almost always feel you're being treated fairly. His scrupulousness draws the reader into an unspoken understanding that the questions he wrestles with are too large for special pleading. Readers are rarely treated so well.

The essays exact their price. Berger's articulation, which is meticulous, sometimes slows the pace. Yet he seems capable of producing almost any effect he requires—as in the elegaic piece on Ché Guevara, or on the occasion of Le Corbusier's death, when Berger describes his pilgrimage to *Unité d' Habitation* at Marseilles and then to the Cistercian abbey at Le Thoronet, a source of inspiration to Corbusier's "functionalism." Comparing the two buildings, Berger says: "Such architecture offers only tranquility and human proportion. For myself I find in its discretion everything which I can recognize as spiritual. The power of functionalism does not lie in its utility, but in its moral example: an example of trust, the refusal to exhort."

Berger is a writer of discretion and conviction—whether he's writing about the painful isolation of Czechoslovakia after the 1968 Soviet invasion, or about the problems of painting or drawing a landscape, about the elusive accretion of detail that constitutes that artistic exercise. "The Moment of Cubism" could stand by itself as a book. "The Sight of a Man" is a tensely balanced discussion of the problems of abstraction (the ideal) and the limitations of naturalism (the real). When Berger treats the work of Leger or Constable or Jack Yeats, he does what a good critic should do—he makes you see why their work is better than you remembered.

Robert Seidman

Robert Seidman is coauthor of *Notes for Joyce: An Annotation of James Joyce's Ulysses* (Dutton).

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Word Lover

Samuel Johnson by John Wain

(Viking; $12.50)

The Victorian caricature of Samuel Johnson still lingers on, though not so vividly nowadays: a giant in an unclean wig, swilling tea, rolling from side to side, beginning every sentence with "sir" and ending it with an insult. Why would anyone want to learn about such a man? For decades scholars have labored to make the world appreciate a very different Johnson, an encyclopedic scholar and prolific journalist who was tormented by what he called "melancholy" and we call neurosis, and who won through those torments to communicate a profoundly sane vision of life, literature and the mind. They would not deny the power of Boswell's Johnson, the siege-gun of the decisive *bon mot*. But another Johnson has been added to the noisy clubman, a close observer of "the variable weather of the mind" who told his friend Hester Thrale, "The solitary mortal is certainly luxurious, probably superstitious and possibly mad: the mind stagnates for want of employment, grows morbid, and is extinguished like a candle in foul air."

Unhappily John Wain is right in observing that the scholars have been talking only to each other. It is perhaps fitting that a former Angry Young Man should undertake the biography of a man from the provinces who lived by his wits and deplored the pedantry of an old rival at college who "was left behind at Oxford to feed on a Fellowship, and I went to London to get my living: now, Sir, see the difference of our literary characters!" Wain understands that Johnson was above all a professional writer—he compares him shrewdly to Orwell—and his biography has a generosity born of respect and love. He does justice to the integrity of Johnson's early journalism. He is excellent on Johnson's qualities as a traveler, and on the *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland* that emerged from the most famous of his travels. He writes well of *Rasselas*, which he claims (like Boswell) to read once a year, and his pages on the *Dictionary* show a fine sympathy with Johnson's voracious love of his native language.

The moving story of the life is told with skill: the implacable mother who gave Johnson his lifelong agony of guilt; the decades of poverty and struggle for fame; the unhappy marriage, romantic only in retrospect; the vast array of friends, from the great Burke and Reynolds down to the humblest quack doctor, who figure so largely in the emotional life of this most gregarious of learned men. One is not surprised that C. P. Snow and Angus Wilson have showered this book with praise, or that the Book-of-the-Month Club has smiled upon it.

And yet—why must Wain boast that he has "avoided reading modern studies of Johnson," while cheerfully declaring that "every fact [his book] contains was previously known to scholars"? By implication the poor dried-up scholars could do no more than heap up dead facts about Johnson, while "it has remained," as the publisher's announcement spells it out, "for John Wain thoroughly to comprehend" him. Even at the level of facts, modern scholarship might have been of some humble use: if Wain is going to give us a page on Charlotte Lennox's *Female Quixote*, he might as well know that Johnson contributed a chapter to it. But what is more important, some unusually sensitive writers have sought to understand Johnson's richness and complexity. To give one example only, if Wain had been willing to ponder Walter Jackson Bate's *The Achievement of Samuel Johnson*—still, after 20 years, the best book in the field—he could have greatly enriched his discussion of Johnson's moral thought as it reflects his emotional experience.

The one serious defect of Wain's biography is that, for all its affection for Johnson, it presents him sentimentally as a hero from the golden age through whom to strike at modern barbarism. "In his day," Wain solemnly tells us, "there was probably no such thing as an ugly house, table, stool or chair in the whole kingdom." And after reporting a brilliant conversation he draws back to pronounce, "Of such stuff, it seems, was the dinner-table conversation made, in the literary London of those days; we, who live among the scorched and blackened ruins, can only hope to imagine what such talk must have been like." By way of recompense we are treated all too often to the fruit of Wain's own meditations. "Marriage usually changes a woman's health one way or another." The artist "touches the rock with his rod, and what gushes out is what is there to gush out." And from time to time a with-it note reassures us that our author lives in the present: Johnson was "plugging himself into" Renaissance thought; in the dark days of the 1740's "help was at hand; the United States Cavalry was just over the next hill, in the shape of a posse of booksellers." After labored colloquialisms like these one would be glad of some honest pedantry.

I would not dwell on Wain's chattiness if it did not seem symptomatic of a certain frivolity. Like Boswell he understands much that matters in Johnson, but like Boswell he leaves out a good deal too. If Wain is excellent on Johnson's role as a professional writer, he is less impressive on Johnson's mind. Johnson admired Richardson's *Clarissa* more than any work of his time. Wain dismisses that admiration—though he takes Charlotte Lennox seriously!—as owing to "Richardson's very genuine, if limited, perceptiveness" and his "tone of unremitting high-mindedness." That is a feeble treatment indeed of the book that Diderot, no shallow reader, praised for carrying a torch into the deepest caverns of the human heart. To understand why Johnson and Diderot thought so highly of *Clarissa* would have meant taking their intellectual world seriously, reading the novel sympathetically as first-rate historical critics like Frank Kermode and Ian Watt have done. But Wain would then have contaminated his book with the work of scholars. Good as it is in many ways, his *Samuel Johnson* could be much better. An academic reviewer may well feel gloomy at the evident insularity of his profession; and yet magisterial works like Bate's *Keats*, Ellmann's *Joyce* and Painter's *Proust* have interested a general audience. Had Wain chosen to follow models like those he would have set a harder task for himself, and the result might have been a biography more fully worthy of its subject.

Leopold Damrosch, Jr.

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Guide for Consumers to the dance

The past season in New York featured one of the greatest extravaganzas of dance in anyone's memory. Never before have so many different companies simultaneously competed for attention; never before have so many stars been called "the greatest" in the world with a good chance that a few of them, like Patricia McBride of the New York City Ballet and Mikhail Baryshnikov, really are. And never before has there been so much talk about the astounding growth of the audience for dance. What's needed in the face of this is a kind of guide, a morning after survey of the more prominent companies: the Alvin Ailey Dance Theater, Joffrey Ballet, Eliot Feld Ballet, the Paul Taylor Dance Company, American Ballet Theater and the New York City Ballet. If you're going to join in the so-called ballet boom, where should you spend your money, how should you spend your time, and where for the future of dance in America can support be used to best advantage?

Not, it seems to me, on the two companies credited with bringing a new kind of crowd to the dance: the Alvin Ailey and the Joffrey. Both are thought to be for swingers; in fact both companies are essentially square and genteel. They are square because their limp independence on wholly clichéd story lines means that the dance itself merely enacts and never challenges those clichés; and they are genteel because gentility promotes excuses for art—art must *do* something, be socially or otherwise significant—without testing the resources of the art itself.

During the many evenings I watched these companies there was not a single movement that met the technical and physical standards required by Balanchine or Martha Graham or Paul Taylor or the best of Robbins. Interestingly each company has one piece that stands up under prolonged scrutiny: Joffrey has "Trinity," choreographed by Gerald Arpino and sometimes featuring the best dancer in the company, Gary Christ, and Alvin Ailey has "Revelations," choreographed by Ailey himself and showing to advantage three of his most impressive dancers, Judith Jamison, Clive Thompson and Melvin Jones, whose understated gravity is in short supply among his colleagues.

Alas, "Revelations" was not performed on opening night at the Ailey. The first piece was by Pearl Primus called "Fanga," a solo for Ms. Jamison to drums and singing. Ms. Jamison may be "the phenomenal Ms. Jamison," a characterization that follows her in reviews the way epithets follow the characters in Homer, but "Fanga" didn't give her a chance to show that she was even good. Like "Choros," a Katherine Dunham number, "Fanga" is supposed, according to the program, to express something about the black experience, a claim that would offend me if I were black. Both works have the taint of poolside entertainment for whitey at some island resort. Another piece opening night that aspired to black authenticity was called "Portrait of Billy" and danced to Billie Holiday's beautiful recordings. It was more night club than poolside, more mime than dance, the work of John Butler who has been, said the program, "a success in ballet, modern grand and light opera, musical comedy, motion pictures and television." In everything, that is, that moves. At his finger tips is so much of the Esperanto of dance that Butler has no style of his own and can't, for more than a distracted minute, sustain anyone else's.

This was followed by Ailey's own "Blue's Suite," a ballroom bit anthologizing most of the theatrical platitudes about lovers-in-a-fight from *Carmen* to the present. The climax, and collapse of the evening came with another interminability by Primus called "Wedding." Again the African motifs and costumes promised a glimpse of the Real Thing, and the audience watched with an intentness of anthropological interest that seemed oblivious to the fact that it took longer, in felt time, to get rid of someone called Demon of Evil than to get rid of Richard Nixon, with none of the suspense.

Nothing I saw later, even the much-touted "Feast of Ashes"—an Ailey piece in the mode of Anthony Tudor and based on a Lorca story about family-crossed lovers—did more than confirm an impression that the company, with exceptions noted, is not only untalented when compared to the others, including Joffrey, but, oddly enough, hopelessly innocent about the body and the resources of dance. The body is used merely to tell stories that are better told in words. There is nothing put into dance drama that would be otherwise inexpressible. The body is never freed of this kind of responsibility to the head, and a dull head at that, so that for all the enthusiasm exhibited by the audience there was surprisingly little exhibited on stage.

Inevitably one will hear the charge that it's unfair to hold the Ailey company to the standards set by the likes of American Ballet Theater or, in modern dance, by Martha Graham or Paul Taylor. Perhaps the proper measure for what Ailey does is merely the sort of stylized movement, full of pointers to nondance movements we know in life or see, when it comes to theater, on television musical shows and at ballroom entertainments. What's gained in fairness by such an argument is lost in condescension. Obviously there is a difference between the rigors of classic or of modern dance and most of what's done by the Ailey company. But there is no difference in what all dance is meant to do. It is meant to excite us about the potentialities of the human body as it gives a measure to music and a design to space that these do not otherwise have. The best way to consider, let us say, Baryshnikov's daring embellishment of a *grand jêté en tournant* for his role in "Grand Pas de Deux from Don Quixote" at American Ballet Theater is not to say that it is in a category to which Alvin Ailey does not even aspire, but to concede that, for the money, it is simply more delightful, more surprising, more exalting than anything the Ailey company could possibly do. The audiences for Ailey and sometimes for Joffrey are being cheated of pleasures they could as easily afford even while perpetuating the illusion that what they are offered instead is "lively" and "contemporary" precisely because it is not classical.

Joffrey does a lot of classical ballet and, at the same time, makes a big pitch for the new dance crowd who can be seen at the Ailey performances. The reasons for its success are thus interestingly complicated. Because even while it promises to ring out the old, ring in the new, it offers classical works so ludicrously stodgy, like Joffrey's own "Remembrances," or so poorly executed, like Ashton's "Dream," as to demonstrate basic incompetence in the area where they propose to be innovative. During the latest New York run Bette Midler was induced to give 500 one-minute radio spots in an apparent attempt to dragoon her fans; "Listen, if you hate ballet

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you're gonna love Joffrey." On the basis of what I saw this could mean either that "you're gonna love Joffrey" for what it does other than classical ballet or for showing, when it does try classical ballet, that you've hated it for good reason all these years. And indeed the company is best when it sticks to what might be called dance theater.

Joffrey is a good example, in its programming, of a familiar American gimmick for keeping high culture in its place. Don't leave it out altogether, but co-opt it, heavily draped and insulated. At Joffrey, classical ballet is often bordered on one side by a jazzy number about youth culture, like Jerome Robbins' "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz," and, on the other, by raunchy exhibitions like "Weewis" by Margo Sappington, choreographer for some of "Oh, Calcutta!," or the new "Relativity of Icarus" by Arpino. The latter proposes to be about the mythic team of father and son looking for a way out of the labyrinths of Crete and also about the journey of escape each of us tries to make, to paraphrase and chasten Arpino's own description, from paternal and earth dominated existence. In fact the work is about homoerotic love-making, and the theatricality of movement by which this is expressed evokes not the Cretan labyrinth so much as the Continental Baths.

Therein lies a clue to the trouble with Joffrey. When it wants to engage in erotic movement, as it almost always does in its dance as distinct from its ballet pieces, it feels obliged to apologize by evocations of Elevated Thinking. Correspondingly when it goes into dance elevation, on the points of ballet, it doesn't want to get sexy at all. It's again a characteristically American oddity—the idea that sex and high culture can ride together only on a segregated bus. Maybe that's why the company seems to operate on the assumption that a full commitment to the technical rigors and complexities of classical ballet would somehow sap the energies going into topical and/or sexual expression. The great lesson taught by Balanchine has been lost on Joffrey: that the central subject of classical dance is the problem and the pleasure of bringing a man and a woman into intimate and supportive conjunctions that will enhance the beauty of both of them. Hence the recurrent structure of most classical ballets, regardless of the story—a series of dance contests, of show-off performances by the woman and then by the man, each followed by an effort at *pas de deux*, somewhat stiff at the beginning and becoming ever more pliant, self-confident, and exultant in the strength the man and woman ultimately share. When classical ballet is romantically erotic, therefore, its basic structure means that the need for technical prowess, for strict body control, increases enormously; the developing speed and animation of movement is possible only if the dancers can depend wholly on the skill of one another. If a company that chooses to present classical ballet lacks such proficiencies, then it will necessarily end up with the stuffiest versions of it, and if, at the same time, the company wants to be known as jazzy and sexy, it will have to locate these qualities in a kind of dance movement that is rather tackily close to musical comedy dance.

Insofar, then, as the new enthusiasm for dance is being exhibited by the kind of audience turned on by Alvin Ailey and Joffrey, the prospects for the future of dance in America aren't especially good. To think otherwise is to assume that if you create an audience for such companies you have somehow served "the dance" and the culture generally; you have created, so it is assumed, a larger audience who might then go on to appreciate what are usually admitted to be the more distinguished efforts of American Ballet Theater or the New York City Ballet. Which is like saying that if you get the kids interested in the poetry of Rod McKuen you are part way toward getting them interested in Yeats. It's hard otherwise to understand why over the past nine years, for example, the Ford Foundation has given four and a half million dollars to Joffrey—only the Pennsylvania got a bit more—while the New York City Ballet received only two and a half million, half a million of which was recoverable. This imbalance has been corrected somewhat by a recent grant to NYCB of three million. But this, like the grant in 1963, was the signal for public furor over favoritism, as if a company whose repertory feeds every major dance company in the world and whose artistic director has added more than any choreographer in history to the international vocabulary of classical dance should not, for these reasons alone, deserve everything it gets.

It's fortunate that American Ballet Theater can still call on extensive private support, though the Harkness, which no longer can, has announced its dissolution, and that the Ford Foundation has given considerable support to two of the best aspiring companies: the Dance Theater of Harlem, as well as Pennsylvania Ballet. Both are predominantly Balanchine companies. So, too, is Eliot Feld Ballet, despite Feld's scrappy little assertions of independence, as when he calls his Gershwin ballet "The Real McCoy" as if to suggest that Balanchine's Gershwin piece, "Who Cares?" is not "The Real McCoy." Having been chosen to form a resident company for Joseph Papp's operation, the New York Shakespeare Festival, Feld is also blessed with the bulk of dance money given by the Rockefeller Foundation. He's got a lot going for him—certainly more, by way of outside support, than did Balanchine when he started in this country. While he is the best young choreographer around, he hasn't yet developed a dance vocabulary large enough to support what he wants to do. His work, even a good piece like "The Gods Amused," strains against this deficiency and he tends to substitute static, gesturing intensities for what ought to be much fuller choreographic invention.

The somewhat smaller Paul Taylor Company—four men and eight women—gets far less support than Feld and has to work a lot harder for it. Though it is one of the best companies in the world it has never had an adequate

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chance to show this in New York. Wanting to help out, Rudolf Nureyev flew in from Europe for the first two performances.

Of course what's finally interesting is not the gesture of his coming but his conduct on stage. Nureyev didn't quite look quite right with the company, despite the somewhat willed enthusiasm of the audience, and the reasons tell us something about him and about the special genius of Paul Taylor. The problem isn't merely that Nureyev is manifestly a classical dancer. The distinctions between classical ballet and modern dance are no longer as distinct as they were once supposed to be. Taylor is often visibly classical; Balanchine in the *pas de deux* of "Symphony in Three Movements" visibly modern. Why then did the superstar of classical ballet look out of place, aside from the possibility of jet lag? "Aureole," the piece in which he danced, is at once elegant and casual, in the manner often of Balanchine, but Nureyev was tight both in body and expression, and he cannot walk on stage without looking as if he is taking command of it. It was as if he was himself unsure of his capacities to work within the wonderfully flexible community of movements around him, especially in comparison to Carolyn Adams or Nicholas Dunn.

Because of Nureyev's presence it was possible to see quite dramatically what a very special choreographer Taylor really is. However much of classical movement he incorporates, however remote in facial expression his dancers might seem from what their bodies are doing—all the time studious of the beautiful conjunctions of movement to music and to one another of which Taylor has made them capable—there is at work at every moment a commitment to a very special style all Taylor's own, and it is at once suspicious of classical ballet and comically satirical of the great figure of modern dance with whom Taylor worked—Martha Graham. The classical line of the body is postured only that it may be broken down, and the gestures of the arms are often suddenly alerted from softness into classically sharp angularity, the feet (turned out now and again in the classical manner) are as quickly paralleled or flexed.

While these flirtations and disavowals of the classical movement are going on, however, Bettie de Jong, a woman of splendid and pleasurable dignity, is used often, especially in "Churchyard" and "Post Meridian," to render parody movements of Graham's large gestured sweep of arms, neck and legs. There is a great deal of romping in Taylor, as in the orgiastic sexuality of "Churchyard," following scenes, which for a moment, never held too long, threaten to become pretentiously significant in a literary way. It's a company that makes you happy because of its self-delight and its integrity—in the literal sense of being whole within itself and untouched by quirky, shifting tastes.

The audience for Feld and Taylor and Balanchine is a fan audience not for particular dancers so much as for particular forms of ballet that are in the process of being created. The same people come back to any one of these companies night after night, to watch the work in progress or to see what a certain cast will bring out of a masterpiece that has been in the repertory for years. This isn't the case with American Ballet Theater, where the audience is more of a claque for stars. ABT has a number of great dancers—Baryshnikov and Makarova, who defected from the Kirov company; Gelsey Kirkland, who more recently left the New York City Ballet—and some remarkably good ones, like Cynthia Gregory and Fernando Bujones. It also has a repertory of great classical works and the best of Anthony Tudor.

And yet American Ballet Theater somehow isn't a company in the proper sense of the word. Unlike the New York City Ballet, it doesn't bring to life new works or new dancers. Instead it chooses to make itself the place where already established great dancers can perform in already established works that belong to the world corpus of classics. They preserve rather than give infusions of new life to the culture of classical dance. What's missing is that sense of enterprise (and accident) by which the genius of new and hitherto unknown dancers is actually discovered by a choreographer who, in gratitude, then sets about to imagine whole works that will show their and his genius to the world. Balanchine has done this for a succession of great women who have at the same time acted as his Muse. Gelsey Kirkland was such a dancer, and much of her fantastic facility is a result of the demands and opportunities of her years in the Balanchine school and company. It will be instructive to see how she fares now in American Ballet Theater, especially under the heady pressures of being treated, as is no one within the New York City Ballet, as a superstar. Balanchine's dancers, even when it comes to the policy on curtain calls—they are kept subdued in length and number—learn that the whole enterprise of dance is greater than any one of its practitioners or of all of them put together. Balanchine's own fastidious shying away from the limelight is an indication that he himself accepts these restraints.

The New York City Ballet more often than not offers that greatest of all sensations in the performing arts: those moments when a barrier to human extension is pressed against and broken before your eyes. This is an especially acute feeling while watching Balanchine's work because the company is a concerted creation that would not come into being without him, with respect both to choreography and dancers. He is the greatest master of the dance the world has ever known, and it is not only a delight but a privilege to be alive while he is giving to the world, and to the music of Stravinsky, such works as the "Violin Concerto" or the mysteriously romantic "Baiser de la Fée."

Malraux once said that "the domain of culture was the life of what ought to belong to death." That domain Balanchine rules in dance, in his invigorations of movements 300 years old, in his transformations of music into contemporary spatial illusions, and in his creation, too, of bodies that seem to defy mortal limits. His audience is an audience of fans as much as is the audience of Joffrey, but he never choreographs to or for them. Everything he does is for the music, the dancers, the dream of movements in which he has lived. The fans keep coming back precisely because he gives them so little that can be taken home for keeps—no messages, no reportable plots. His work, and the audience's delight, exist wholly in the excitements of performance, and that is finally more dazzlingly unconventional in the arts than anything being done anywhere in the theater.

Richard Poirier

Richard Poirier is on leave from Rutgers at the University of California at Berkeley.

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Doris Grumbach

The beauty and dignity of the American Indian (or more properly, the native American) face has never been so richly displayed as in **American Indian Portraits**—large, full-page photographs taken during the Rodman Wanamaker expedition 60 years ago, lost for a long time, and then found by Sam Holmes in a forgotten file drawer at the American Museum of Natural History. The history of these portraits, and of the Wanamaker contributions to the history of what John Wanamaker called "the vanishing race of first Americans" is told in the introduction by editor Charles R. Reynolds, Jr. No one knows who took these pictures, of young and old native Americans, men and women of various "cultural groups" (which I gather is the new and acceptable designation for "tribe"), but the faces are haunting and direct, what are called by Reynolds *given* pictures: "a subject willingly gives his image to a photographer [so] there is often an awareness . . . of the spirit in which the gift is offered." The faces given are proud, frightened, resigned and rebellious, secretive and open: in short the whole extent of the visible human response to trial and tribulation, without reserve—dark-skinned, high cheekboned, black-eyed, timeworn long-suffering faces. The frontispiece of Emma Kickapoo, a young woman wrapped entirely in an American flag, is both poignant and ironic. To go through these 120 portraits is to look directly at one's own guilt in the presence of those remarkable faces, most of all in Emma Kickapoo's presence. (Stephen Greene Press; $12.50, $7.95 paper).

These pages have taken note of most of the publications of The Feminist Press. One of its editors, Brett Harvey, has written to tell me that two new titles will be its last for a while. "We're having a major financial crisis, so we've had to call a moratorium on all our publishing activities." These new paperbacks (original reprints of older work) are: **The Revolt of Mother and other stories** by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman ($3.50); a selection of eight stories from her early volumes; **The Storm and other stories** with the novella, *The Awakening*), by Kate Chopin ($5). The collections restore to my shelf a number of good stories I have not seen reprinted anywhere by both women who were, for a long time, totally unknown and have only recently been made available to those who want to know more of their work. My one complaint is that, in the interest of saving space, no doubt, The Feminist Press has reprinted Chopin's stories in what looks to me like an eye-killing eight-point type. Even the best of fiction suffers in that size. Otherwise the two paperbacks are worth acquiring, thus encouraging this enterprising press to get back into renewed publishing activities.

I spent a lovely, leisurely and stimulating weekend at the University of the South in the mountains of Tennessee recently, where there was good literary talk, stimulating contacts, and the unique pleasure of a few hours' conversation with the still active (especially intellectually) Allen Tate, whose *Memoirs and Opinions* Swallow will publish later in the spring. One of Sewanee's liveliest minds, Scott Bates, who teaches French at the university and is an authority on Guillaume Apollinaire (has, indeed, published his own book on the subject, very much in the Whitman-Proust-Twain tradition of taking matters into their hands and publishing their own work) gave me a copy of his **Poems of War Resistance** that Grossman published in 1969. I read through them on the plane, and for hours afterward, and was impressed with the antiquity of the subject, beginning with *The Iliad:* "Cursed is the man, and void of law and right/Unworthy property, unworthy light/Unfit for public rule, or private care. That wretch, that monster, that delights in war" and advancing 4000 years through all the wars of history to the present time. The poetry collected here is characterized by Wilfred Owen who wrote in a preface to his *Poems*, "I am not concerned with Poetry. My subject is War, and the pity of War. The Poetry is in the pity." Pity suffuses all the lines, pity for the soldier, living, dying and dead, pity for the poet who looks on war's "omnicide" or, as so many did, participates in it. Kenneth Patchen called this "the finest collection of anti-war poetry now available in English." So it seems to me.

The Forgotten Society, drawings by Alan E. Cober (Dover; $3.50) brings the current interest in things and persons old, aging and ailing into the realm of the line drawing. He haunted old people's homes, Willowbrook and prisons and came away with some unbearably graphic drawings of the mentally retarded, the left-behind, the prisoner, the sick and deserted, retired and senile: all those persons who, forgotten, live on society's threshhold. Cober's technique is well suited to his subject-matter: wavery yet somehow powerful lines, shading only for significant details. His drawings of the 1971 Black Panther trial are especially fine.

A book I read a while back but have neglected to call to your attention is David R. Mayhew's excellent short study of **Congress: The Electoral Connection** (Yale University Press; $7.95), which has just won a Political Book Award given by *The Washington Monthly*. Thesis of the book: that the greatest influence upon any congressman, and thus on the work of Congress itself, is the desire to be reelected. Politics is a continuing struggle to gain and then keep power. Mayhew concludes his study with a review of accountability, and with the suggestion that we examine performance of congressmen under an "intentions-effects" dimension, "gauging the inclination of congressmen to try to accomplish what they say they are in favor of." "Maintenance arrangements" are not sufficient; it may be necessary, he points out, to build in incentives to reward members who perform well and fulfill (or work to fulfill) promises. But then, with almost a shake of the head, he concludes that it might only work in an institution where lifetime careers are the norm; to do so here and now "would be to violate the canons of American legislative politics as we have come to know them." A thoughtful, thought-provoking book.

I note with some pride the publication of fellow columnist Stanley Kauffmann's new collection of film comment and criticism, **Living Images** (Harper & Row; $11.95, $5.95 paper), most of which has been reprinted from his column in the "back of the book" in *TNR* for many years. Someone has pointed out to me that Kauffmann once wrote: "Fundamentally, you take a critic's hand and let him lead you further, perhaps higher, only if you are initially convinced of a substantial area of mutual sympathy and interest." It is apparent from my mail that a goodly number of our readers have been willing to take Kauffmann's hand in the matter of film criticism. Those readers, and others who have resisted his offer, will find this collection of interest.

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Kauffmann, *from page 22*

which concludes with the camera pulling back to show that the man is an amputee or paraplegic or invalid. A touch of cinematic hokum.

Hearts and Minds is not the summary statement it might have been, the film that demonstrates why things went wrong in Southeast Asia from the end of the Second War—which means French influence on the US against Ho Chi Minh and American receptiveness to that influence—and how the initial missteps led to the quagmire. Still I'm glad that the picture was made and will presumably be widely available. It's a fairly forceful reminder of inadequacies in American character (how far is Watergate from Vietnam?) that are certainly no better than they were.

The French, too, are examining their past. Three years ago, Ophuls' superb documentary *The Sorrow and the Pity*. Then last fall, Louis Malle's unsatisfactory fiction film *Lacombe Lucien*. Recently we've had two more fiction films. **Black Thursday** (Levitt-Pickman) was July 16, 1942 when the Paris police, at German behest, rounded up 13,000 French Jews (including 4500 children) and shipped them off to camps. Very few ever returned. Fifty French students tried to save some Jews. This is the story of one student and a Jewish girl. Directed by Michel Mitrani, it's a very modest film in movement and depth, with some strained moments (like the girl's appeal to a priest) but its modesty is its best virtue. The smallness of the fiction lets the chill of the fact come through. I felt, while watching the film, as chilled as if I were sitting in a refrigerator—not least because I know some of the places in Paris where it was shot. **Les Violons du Bal** (Levitt-Pickman), made by Marcel Drach, is mostly despicable. Drach's childhood—a Jewish family's troubles during the German occupation—is used as an occasion for Drach's ego and artiness.

The trend isn't over. I read that Costa-Gavras (*Z*, *State of Siege*) is now making a film about Vichy France. The reason for the trend? Here's one possibility. These filmmakers, who were small children in the Nazi days, are now adults of some position in the film world; and artists are of course more strongly influenced by their childhood memories than by anything else.

NEXT WEEK: SK discusses Arthur Rubenstein, Robert Redford, Florinda Balkan.

Personals

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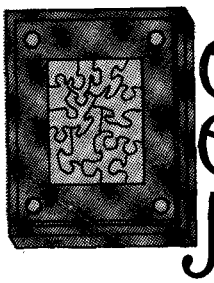

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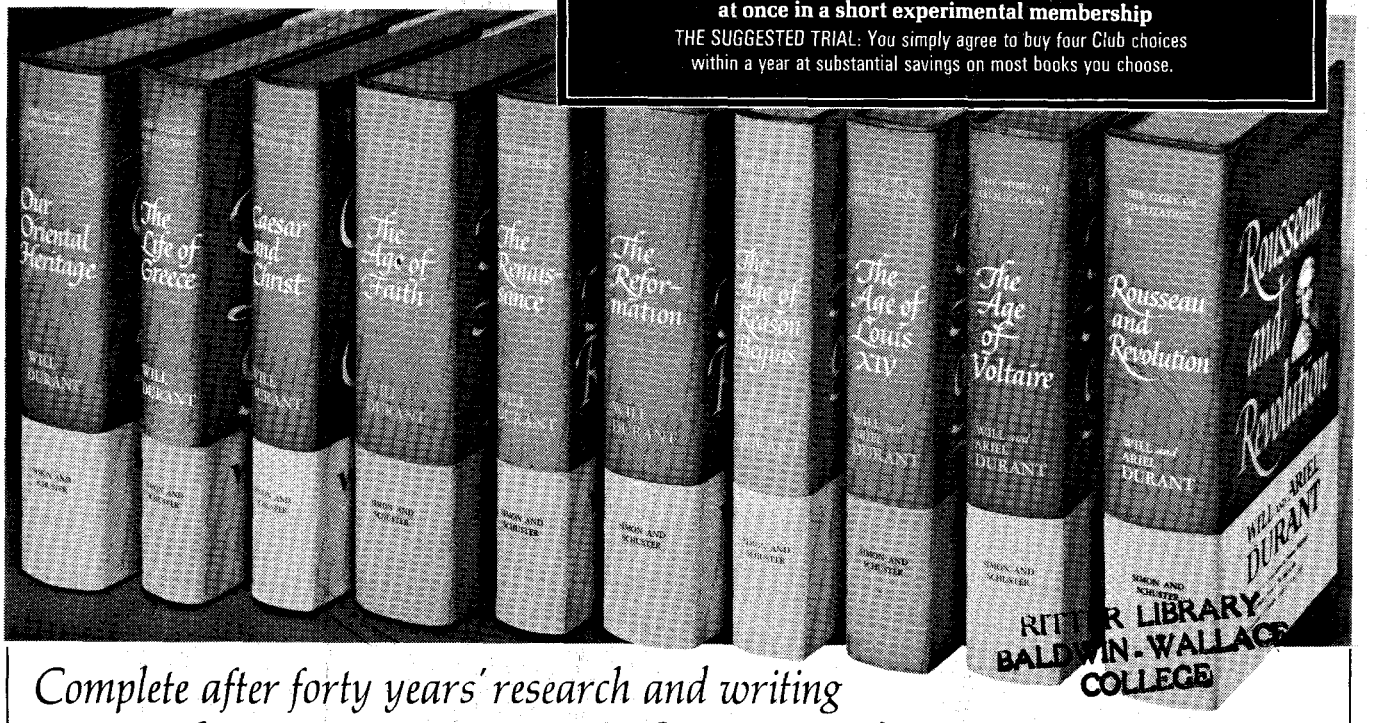

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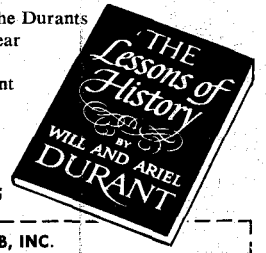

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